

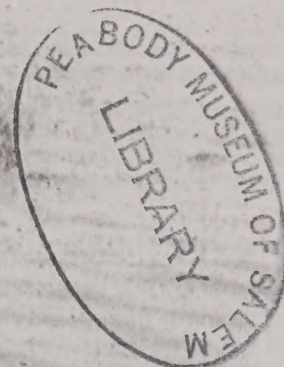
Twice a Month!



messing about in BOATS

Volume 10 Number 23

April 15, 1993



COMMENTARY



messing
about in

BOATS

Volume 10 - Number 23
April 15, 1993

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Our Next Issue

Will feature some of the boats and people we saw at the Maine Boatbuilders' Show in late March, it was a jam packed show, despite the ongoing wintry nature of our Spring. Looking towards that elusive Spring, we'll bring you Richard Dix's discussion of Spring cruising, "Chesapeake Bay in May", offset a bit with David Gully's, "A Winter Row" that didn't get into this issue. And Sharon Brown tells us of a trip along the Connecticut coast in "By Steam Launch from Mystic to Portland". And lastly, "Tom's Coast of New England will take us from Salem to Gloucester. Back in the boatshops, Gregg Shaddock discusses "A Family Tortoise Punt" and Greg McMillan tells about building the same boat in "Tortoise on the Beach", a beach in Baja. Shields Bishop takes us back to "Budget Boatbuilding in the Thirties" and we should be seeing a "Beautiful Dispro" and some "Wee Lassies by the Bunch". Phil Bolger describes his "Superbrick", and if David Goodchild's next installment on "Building Toad Hall" doesn't arrive, we have his interview with "The Great Boatbuilder in the Sky" to fill the spot.

On the Cover

"Capt. Hughy Takes Charge," is Jim Mitchell's suggested title for this great old photo from 1937, taken by his father the Rev. James Mitchell. Blown up from an old 3-1/2"x2" print from a long lost negative, it catches Jim (center), his brother Hughy (forefront) and two neighboring kids about to embark on another summer of boating adventures on a pond in Sakkonnet, Rhode Island. Jim explains, "We often played in these skiffs, but never left the safety of the reeds. I often wonder if kids still fall in love with boats this way?"

This issue turned into something of a nostalgia special as it went together, with three major articles all reminiscing about bygone times. First we have a tale of cruising under sail on Long Island Sound in the long ago Spring of 1915, written by one Henry Peck. Next comes Moby Nick Scheuer's memories of learning to row at Scout Camp in the early 1950's. And then there's Ward Bells' looking back on his years in Star boats in the 1930's, brought on by a special Christmas gift he received last December, a 1922 Star Logbook.

I enjoy these retrospectives, despite the fact that I do not have any such file of old nautical memories. When I first got involved seriously in boats I was already 46 years old, and 1976 just doesn't make it yet as nostalgia. I do have the stories from the '40's and '50's of motorcycling adventures, but they're not the stuff for this magazine.

There's a different aspect to this nostalgia subject that I have not seen discussed in print anywhere, in any field of interest. This is about having an awareness of being at hand when the stuff of future nostalgia is being laid down, "being there" at the scene or scenes which will be recalled 25-50 years later by the participants. I experienced something of this sort on March 4th when I went sailing in Gloucester Harbor with Gordon Baird in his "winter" 210. It was a gray day with a rising northeast wind which was the harbinger of the first of the series of blizzard style snowstorms that have engulfed us here the rest of the month.

Gordon is publisher of a major music industry trade magazine operating from an office right on Gloucester's inner harbor waterfront. About 5 minutes from his work his "winter" 210 sits on a mooring in Smith Cove inside Rocky Neck. Gordon devotes as many of his lunch hours as he can to sailing, and in 1992 logged in 270 days on the water on his boats. By early March of 1993 he'd only been sailing some 25 or so of the just over 60 days that had passed. Winter is, of course his "slow" season for sailing but he still expressed some concern to me over the slow start he's gotten on the new season.

I didn't know any of this at the beginning of the year when this ebullient and very persuasive salesman sounding guy began calling me up inviting me to go sailing with him. To offset possible reactions from me about his sanity he explained how he had two of these superb \$300 survival suits winter boat people (read fishermen) use and that he only goes out for an hour or so and only within Gloucester harbor. This attempt to put a rational aspect over the initially preposterous proposal of daysailing in January on the ocean was fairly effective with me and I tended to have an intuitive feeling that Gordon wasn't a blowhard or masochistic crazy. We editor types have to watch out for some of that genre at times.

After two or three tries that failed to net me, due to other commitments, Gordon finally called on March 3rd for the next day and I had no good reason to refuse. I was interested and if I felt unhappy about anything when I got there, well it was only a 20 minute trip and cancelling out on the spot could still be done. But Gordon was all smiles and confidence and the

harbor was ideal, with no other boats out, a 15 knot northeast wind rising under gray skies, and the old "winter" 210 anxious to go, the flames painted on her bow lending urge to her pose.

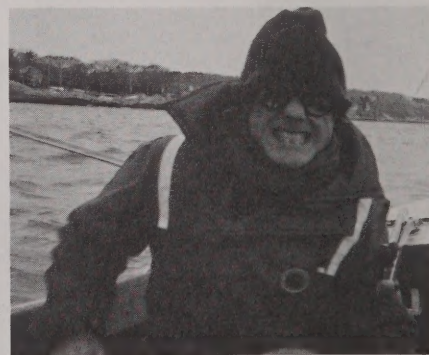
Gordon's other 210 is a state of the art racer for serious sailing through the long summer season in a fleet of which he is Vice-President, and also newsletter editor/publisher. The other 210 spends its winter in protected surroundings. This old wooden one, fibreglassed all over, was bought for only \$1,000 and Gordon hangs on it any of the old ratty sails he no longer uses to race with. Today the main we used had a hole where once a plastic window fit.

It didn't matter, after suiting up in those survival suits, we came out from behind Rocky Neck and swung off downwind towards the southern shore of the harbor mouth near Hammond Castle, about two miles away, and Gordon turned over the helm to me on this lazy leg. The 210 surged right along with the genny and main wing and wing briefly, before we had to bear off a bit too far to maintain that setup. Out by the Castle, Gordon took over, we rounded up towards the Eastern Point breakwater onto the wind, and he hauled in on all the many strings this boat seems to have to get her nicely heeling and surging through the wind chop, ratty sails and all. The boat is a hot rod, even if an old time one, and wants to go.

We'd closed right up on the beach behind the breakwater before Gordon dropped over on the opposite tack and we began a long close reach back to Smith Cove, running up inside Ten Pound Island through some fairly thin looking (to me) water. When one puff hit while we were right between Ten Pound and the nearby rocky shore, Gordon grinned, "it always does that when there's no room."

The cruise was over, it was 1:30 and Gordon had an appointment in 15 minutes, so we parted in haste. Just another sail for him, but a pretty novel new experience for me, and not a bad one at all. Winter does have some potential.

So what about the nostalgia preview? Well in 30 years (2023, geez!) Gordon Baird will be sitting around at 65 years of age thinking maybe about those winters he went sailing almost every day in that ratty old "winter" 210, and probably relishing those memories more than those from all his thousands of racing hours over endless summers. It's this offbeat stuff that tends to stay with you.



Gordon's a perfectly rational person.

Happenings

Great Age of Sail Exhibit, Treasures from National Maritime Museum of Greenwich, England, through June 2. Peabody Museum, Salem, MA, (508) 745-1876.

Selecting a Canoe Course, April 15. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 xt 7800.

Exploring Nova Scotia's Eastern Shore, April 16. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341.

Nautical Flea Market, April 17. World's Fair Marina, Flushing Bay, NY, (212) 734-9474.

Re-Canvassing Canoes, April 17-18. Center for Wooden Boats, Seattle, WA, (206) 382-BOAT.

Chelsea 2000 Rowing Race, April 18. Chelsea Rowing Club, Norwich, CT, (203) 886-5206.

Sea Kayaking Overnight Trip Course, April 19. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 xt 7800.

Canoe Paddle Strokes Course, April 22. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 xt 7800.

Lapstrake Skiff Building Course, April 23-25. South St. Seaport, New York, NY, (212) 669-9400.

Customizing Your Sea Kayak Course, April 24. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 xt 7800.

River Cruise, April 24. Connecticut Oar & Paddle Club, Essex, CT, (203) 434-2534.

Sausalito Smugglers Regatta, Sail & Oar, April 24. Sausalito Cruising Club, 1707 Bridgeway #3, Sausalito, CA 94965.

How to Make a Strip Planked Kayak, April 24. Center for Wooden Boats, Seattle, WA, (206) 382-BOAT.

Wood Turning Course, April 24. N.W. School of Wooden Boatbuilding, Port Townsend, WA, (206) 385-4948.

Introduction to Whitewater Canoeing, April 24-25. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 xt 7800.

Run of the Charles Canoe Race, April 25. Charles River Watershed Association, Newton, MA, (800) 286-RACE.

Repair of Traditional Canvas Covered Canoes, April 26-30. North River Boatworks, Albany, NY, (518) 434-4414.

Sailing & Maintaining a Traditional Schooner Workshop, April 26-30. N.W. School of Wooden Boatbuilding, Port Townsend, WA, (206) 385-4948.

Overnight Canoe Trip Planning Course, April 29. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 xt 7800.

21st Annual Maritime History Symposium, April 30-May 2. Maine Maritime Museum, Bath, ME, (207) 443-1316.

Whitewater Canoe Paddling Weekend, April 30-May 2. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 xt 7800.

1,000 Mile Ohio River Flatboat Cruise Begins, April 30. Flatboat Project, Charleston, WV, (800) 859-4409.

Amateur Yacht Research Society N.E. Region Annual Meeting, May 1. Walter Giger, Essex, CT, (203) 529-6762.

Percy & Small Shipyard opens for season, May 1. Maine Maritime Museum, Bath, ME, (207) 443-1316.

Introduction to Metallurgy, May 1. Center for Wooden Boats, Seattle, WA, (206) 382-BOAT.

Merrimack River Cleanup, May 1. Rings Island Rowing Club, Salisbury, MA, (603) 465-7920.

Spring Launchings Volunteer Day, May 1. South St. Seaport, New York, NY, (212) 669-9400.

Northwest Small Boat Messabout, May 1. Olympia, WA, (206) 526-1579.

9th Annual Cedar Key Small Boat Meet, May 1-2. Cedar Key, FL, (904) 543-5307, (313) 468-6456.

Cape Cod Frosty North American Championships, May 1-2. CCFCA, Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534.

19th Annual Wooden Boat Show, May 1-2. North Carolina Maritime Museum, Beaufort, NC, (919) 728-7317.

National River Cleanup Week, May 1-8. American Canoe Association, Savannah, GA, (912) 355-1866.

Merrimack River Dory Sprints, May 2. Rings Island Rowing Club, Salisbury, MA, (603) 465-7920.

1,000 Meter Sprints, May 2. Mystic River Rowing Club, Mystic, CT, (203) 536-9247.

Spring Commissioning & River Race, May 8. CROPC, Essex, CT, (203) 434-2534.

Discovery Days, May 8-9. Grays Harbor Historical Seaport, Aberdeen, WA, (206) 532-8611.

Sand Casting & Foundry Techniques, May 8 & 15. Center for Wooden Boats, Seattle, WA, (206) 382-BOAT.

Urbanna Small Boat Meet, May 15. John England, Urbanna, VA, (804) 758-2721.

Wooden Boat Refinishing Course, May 15-16. Antique Boat Museum, Clayton, NY, (315) 686-4104.

Greenland Kayak Building Class, May 15-23. Superior Kayaks, Bloomingdale, IL, (708) 894-2512.

Lapstrake Skiff Building course, May 21-23. South St. Seaport, New York, NY, (212) 669-9400.

Essex River Race, May 22. Cape Ann Rowing Club, Essex, MA, (508) 774-0906 6-9pm.

Solo or Tandem Canoe Paddle Strokes Courses, May 22. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 xt 7800.

Lapstrake Planking Course, May 22-23. Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624.

Spring Paddling Tuneup, May 22-23. Baer's River Workshop, Exeter, RI, (401) 295-0855.

Cool Boats for Urban Environment Regatta, May 23. Prospect Park Alliance, Brooklyn, NY, (212) 477-5944.

Coastal Kayaking Lesson Level I, May 23. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 xt 7800.

Schooner "Brilliant" voyages commence in June. Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, CT, (203) 572-5323.

Festival of Paddle & Oar, June 5. Thousand Islands State Park Region, Alexandria Bay, NY, (315) 482-2593.

Sparmaking, June 5. Northwest School of Boatbuilding, Port Townsend, WA, (206) 385-4948.

24th Annual Small Craft Weekend, June 5-6. Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, CT, (203) 572-5315.

Pedal Power Potlatch, June 5-6. Center for Wooden Boats, Seattle, WA, (206) 382-2628.

Steamboat Meet, June 6. Wickford, RI, (401) 295-2570.

Wooden Boat School Courses, June 6-12: Choosing Your Own Boat; Canoe Repair & Restoration; Building a 12' Fisherman's Skiff; Marine Surveying. Wooden Boat School Brooklyn, ME, (207) 359-4651.

Great Lakes Ship Model Exhibit, June 6-August 29. Cedarburg Cultural Center, Cedarburg, WI, (414) 375-3676.

Introduction to Whitewater Canoeing, June 7. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 XT 7800.

Solo Whitewater Canoeing, June 9. L.L. Bean, (800) 341-4341 XT 7800.

North American Canoe Symposium, June 11-13. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 XT 7800.

5th Annual Moosehead Lake Rowing Regatta, June 12. Betsy Rockwell, Greenville, ME, (207) 695-2680.

River Day, June 12. Westport River, Westport, MA, (401) 635-4819.

Building Wooden Hand Planes & Planecraft, June 12-13. Antique Boat Museum, Clayton, NY, (315) 686-4104.

'Sound Cruise, June 12. Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, Old Saybrook, CT (203) 388-2343.

4th Annual Midwest Messabout, June 12-13. Jim Michalak, Lebanon, IL, (618) 537-2167.

Wooden Boat School Courses, June 13-19: Lofting; Methods & Materials of Composite Building; Woodworking Basics for Women; Elements of Seamanship; Marine Surveying. Wooden Boat School, Brooklyn, ME, (207) 359-4651.

Canoe Poling Workshop, June 14. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 XT 7800.

Intermediate Whitewater Canoeing, June 14. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 XT 7800.

Rigging as if It Mattered, June 14-18. Northwest School of Boatbuilding, Port Townsend, WA, (206) 385-4948.

Freestyle Canoeing, June 15. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 XT 7800.

Flatwater Canoe Workshop, June 16. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 XT 7800.

Oarienteering, June 19. Cape Ann Rowing Club, Gloucester, MA, (508) 774-0906.

Coastal Kayaking Lesson, June 19. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 XT 7800.

Solo Canoe Instruction, June 19. L.L. Bean, (800) 341-4341 XT 7800.

Tandem Canoe Instruction, June 19. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 XT 7800.

Melonseed Regatta on the Cape, June 19-20. Roger Crawford, Humarock, MA, (617) 837-3666.

New York Wooden Boat Festival, June 19-20. South Street Seaport, New York, NY, (212) 669-9400.

Small Boatbuilders' Get Together, June 19-20. Clearwater Hudson River Revival, Valhalla, NY, (914) 435-7964.

Refinishing, June 19-20. Antique Boat Museum, Clayton, NY, (315) 686-4104.

Canoe Expedition to Russia, June 19-30. Scansport, Enfield, NH, (603) 632-7654.

Coastal Kayak Lesson, June 20. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 XT 7800.

Wooden Boat School Courses, June 20-26: Fundamentals of Boatbuilding; Building the Maine Guide Canoe; Marine Mechanics & Electrics; Cruising Under Power; Craft of Sail; Coastal Cruising Seamanship; Sailing with "Pride II". Wooden Boat School, Brooklyn, ME, (207) 359-4651.

Coastal Kayak Lesson, June 23. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 XT 7800.

Wooden Boat 12 Meter Regatta, June 25. Wooden Boat Show, Newport, RI, (207) 359-4651.

Wooden Boat Show, June 25-27. "Wooden Boat" magazine, Brooklyn, ME, (207) 359-4651.

Whitewater Canoe Paddling Weekend, June 25-27. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 XT 7800.

No Octane Regatta, June 26. Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY, (518) 352-7311.

WOOD Regatta, June 26. Wooden Boat Show, Newport, RI, (207) 359-4651.

4th Annual Antique & Classic Boat Show, June 26-27. Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, Havre de Grace, MD, (410) 939-2155.

Coastal Kayaking Lesson, June 27. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 XT 7800.

Finlandia Clean Water Challenge, June 27-August 2. American Canoe Association, Springfield, VA, (703) 451-0141.

Build a St. Lawrence Skiff Model, June 28-July 2. Antique Boat Museum, Clayton, NY, (315) 686-4104.

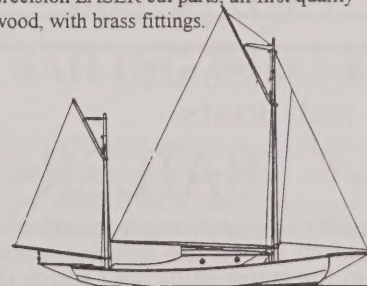
Tandem Canoe Instruction, June 30. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341 XT 7800.

Canoe Expedition to Russia, June 30-July 10. Scansport, Enfield, NH, (603) 632-7654.

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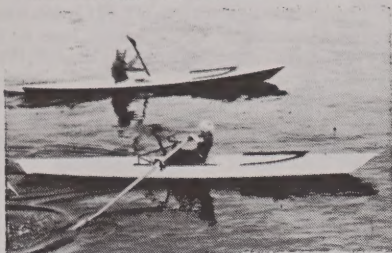
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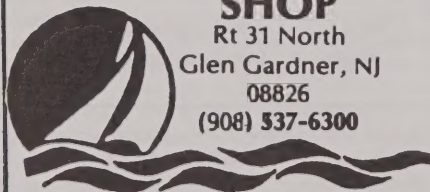
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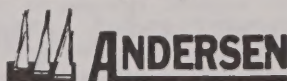
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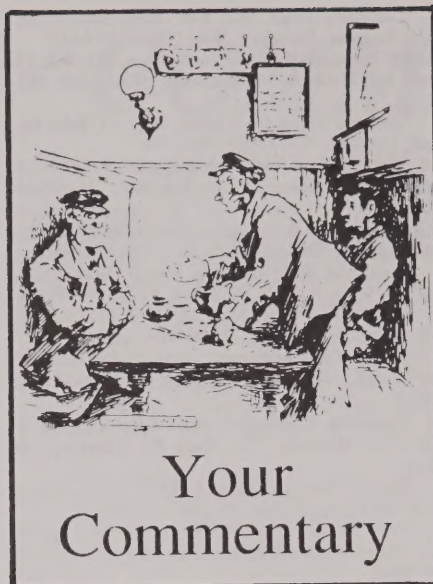
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Your Commentary

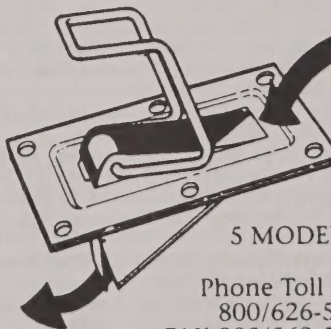
SLIDING SEAT ROWING DESIGNS

All the sliding seat rowing craft are designed with the oarsman and oarlock positions exactly as in racing shells. Now I don't think that this is the best arrangement for all recreational rowers, especially us older slightly decrepit ones. Remember how the 10 speed bike was patterned after the European racing bikes? Users finally rebelled and the so-called "city bike" was derived from the mountain bike, which itself originated from the old balloon tire clunkers of our (at least mine) childhood. Now a person who is not up to Olympic standards of fitness can enjoy the exercise of bicycling in a comfortable position on a comfortable seat.

Now, how about a rowing boat with a comfortable seat, higher than in a shell, with oars somewhat shorter than 9' long? Then put this comfortable seat on rollers and provide straps under which to hook the feet. Now a non-athlete like myself can row with more power while getting a good workout, and be fairly comfortable while so doing. Such a boat should also be more stable than the present recreational shells. Of course it will not be as fast, but some of us can accept that.

Some years ago at Mystic's Small Craft Workshop I rowed a Swampscott dory with a sliding seat, which was quite easy to row. It used standard oarlocks fitted high enough so feathering was not necessary, with standard oars. The added power from the legs using the sliding seat added much to the power of my strokes.

Ed Braden, Northford, CT.



5 MODELS

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SO MANY PROJECTS

I wish I had more hands. Currently I am:
Making a take-apart kayak.

Repairing a child's boat that was run over by a car.

Working on final "Peacat" plans for all those who inquired and even sent checks.

Constructing an umiak for a local art exhibit. "Cool Boats".

Working on a skin boat for a pool project.

Making frames for my wife's paintings for upcoming exhibition.

Running my busy photo studio.

Don Betts, Brooklyn, NY.

NEW YORK CITY ROWING

The evening of March 18th saw the first meeting of what might eventually be called "Hudson Harbor Rowers" or by the Lenni Lenape Indian name, "Shorakoppok" for "the water which flows both ways." Our group's immediate concern is begging/building a couple of harbor suited four-oared boats for summer competitions along the west side of Manhattan.

The ultimate aim is turning people's heads to the possibilities of this city's most underutilized resource, its waterways. It is important that we make headway in this direction while there are still opportunities to acquire use of public land for launching sites and community boat houses.

We welcome anyone interested in this subject to contact us.

Michael Davis, 400 W. 43rd St. #32R, New York, NY 10036, (212) 564-5412 or (212) 757-5283.

DELIVER US FROM SEA LAWYERS

I am against ANY rules for the boats in the "Oarmaster Trials". Deliver us from sea lawyers! What can be done is to keep the conditions realistic; start and finish on a gravel beach, have sharp turns in the course, run heavy powerboats across the course.

Don't pay too much attention to the nominal winners. Publish detailed results so everybody can draw their own conclusions about what and who did best, and why.

While we're at it, we can thank the people who thought of and organized this intriguing event. More power to them.

Phil Bolger, Gloucester, MA.

WISHING FAIR WINDS

"Messing About in Boats" continues to be a welcome journal of special interest regularly injected into my annual cycle of pursuits afloat and ashore. Receiving each copy is a pleasure whether on schedule or not since the contents which are pertinent to my interests are timeless and can be enjoyed fully whenever they arrive.

May the publishing of this grand exercise of shared experiences and knowledge continue to enrich your own life as well. Wishing you fair winds for "Messing About in Boats".

Ed Porter, Lunenburg, NS.

NOT TO BE BOATLESS

Even though we must sell our 26' Pearson due to the financial crunch we'll not be boatless. We are restoring a 24' wooden Irish inshore fishing boat, "Rachel Carlson" (ex-"Inishtrahull") for use in citizen monitoring/reporting of pollution on Chesapeake Bay. And our "landlord", the Classic Yacht Restoration Guild, has a couple of projects underway, most notably the restoration of the 1888 Lawley cutter "Elf".

Greg DeCowsky, Georgetown, MD



LOOKING FOR INFORMATION

I have always enjoyed working on old boats but never had much time to do so until in 1990 a severe stroke gave me the time, and as a form of rehabilitation I started on the old boat pictured. It is 21'9" long, has an inboard Chrysler marine motor and will seat 10 people.

I am looking for any information anyone

might have as to what it is, how old and worth what. If there's anyone interested in the boat I'd like to hear from them.

I am now working on a 17' dory from 1937 which is also in excellent shape.

David Johnson, HCR 3 Box 774, McGregor, MN 55760.

THE BEST I'VE READ

The story "The Challenge" in the March 1st issue about saving the old launch from a shed on Lake Sunapee was the best I've read. It even had the usual ogre to be dealt with, in this case unfortunately named "Jimmy". Lots of suspense too, I feared the worst right to the end where they dared to launch her, leaks and all, then covered open water to safety. Can we have more such rescue tales?

I too got an old boat from Sunapee. About 1970 a Doctor Dickensen Richards gave me the 1906 Skaneateles 17' pulling boat that he had rowed his granny to church in over many a mile as a boy on Sunapee. I think there were few roads and such boats had an important place in lake front households.

He was very apologetic about the feeble condition of the beautiful old boat. For one thing it had been left for years resting on a brick denting in a bottom plank. And all of its landings seem to have been against the port bow, which was deeply gouged, either that or its spent time banging that bow against a piling.

To the dismay of one of his daughters I painted the hull white up to the sheer strake. She was scandalized, thinking it was supposed to be an "Indian boat". Yet, strange to say, none of the doctor's four children seemed to have any interest in "grandma's boat".

Later I went to the lake town in upstate New York where the boat was built. By asking the oldest person I saw about the company, I was directed to a Mr. Clayton, a one-time foreman. He told me that such lapstrake 17 footers (just before his time) were built in three days by a man and a boy being fed parts cut out in the shop. At one time they had every loft in the town full of the over production, possibly in 1932-33.

Jim Mitchell, Box 9476, Noank, CT 06340.

NOT ONE REPLIED

You recently wrote asking why I did not renew my subscription. One reason was that NOT ONE of the boatbuilders advertising in your publication EVER wrote back to me when I requested information. I guess they figured Arizona was too far way to expect any business, or they were under the misapprehension that there is no water here.

Greg Liano, Winslow, AZ.

ABOUT THAT CONSTRUCTION INTEGRITY

I am confused about why you devoted two pages of your March 15th issue to that discourse by Eric Risch on "Construction Integrity", with all the pressure you have on use of your limited space in each issue. Whether a boat is plastic, wood, metal or reconstituted chewing gum has little to do with the intelligent use of it. A walk along a beach will illustrate that the sea really doesn't care what is foisted upon it. You can find debris of every variety from boats it has chewed up and spit back, both good and bad.

You can also find well used old boats of every stripe enjoying ripe old ages in the hands of those who use them within the limits of their abilities. I am not saying that the construction integrity of the boat is not relevant, but that it is only one part of the whole idea of using a boat for whatever purpose. Whether it is hand sucked polyethylene or native hackmatack chewed down by dedicated bachelor beavers matters little if it is designed by someone who is familiar with the relative merits of each and applies them intelligently to the needs of the end user. Mr. Risch should overcome his over-intellectualized consideration of the boats we enjoy and just get into the boat and have some fun.

Henry Szostek, Prides Crossing, MA.

"ANTIQUITY" IS GONE, "SWIMNOSE" IS HERE

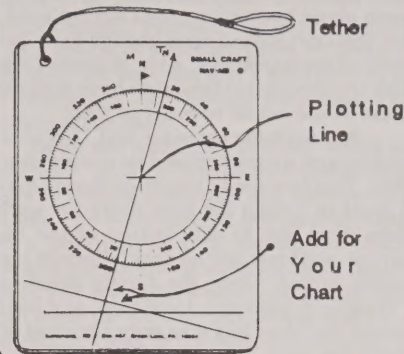
Our 1940 Chris Craft cabin cruiser "Antiquity" has gone on to a good home. The buyer is committed to returning the boat to its original condition and towards this end is removing all the plywood and bondo we applied to keep her afloat (yech!). We replaced "Antiquity" with "Swimnose" a Graves built International 210 rescued from a backyard in Rowley. We had a fruitful season last year, peppered with haulouts for ongoing structural repairs, and culminating with her surviving the hurricane in December on her mooring in Marblehead.

Other magazines have entered my life since I first subscribed to "Messing About in Boats" eight years ago, but yours still keeps me eager to get the mail, even though my significant other insists that the picture on the front cover is the same every issue, "just some guy in some small boat."

Andy Klickstein, Beverly, MA.

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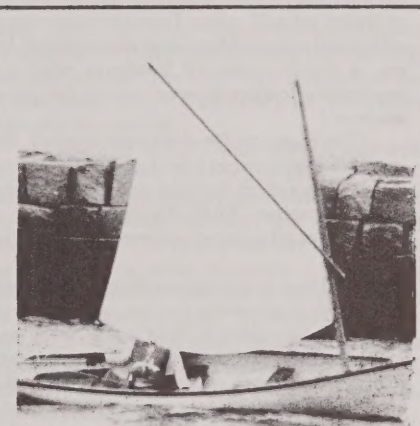


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The Mate and I came down with boat fever very early in the spring. We came all the harder for having but recently returned to a salt atmosphere after a two-years' arid inland residence, and the malady finally ran its course, and left us yacht-owners. She had been wintering near New York on the Sound. We lived in a Narragansett Bay port. As the terms of sale did not include delivery of boat, it behooved us to do our own delivering—a fine excuse for a cruise right off the bat.

The "Prowler" was a "Maine-built bo't," with a deep keel and a long bowsprit. I was not keen about bowsprits, never having used one, but this craft looked good enough to be ours, in spite of the appendage. Also, it seemed reasonable to suppose that bowsprits have their uses or there would not be so many of them.

Although the calendar said "May," a cog had slipped somewhere and let in a big chunk of July. That I escaped a sunstroke during the days I spent in getting the boat ready for sea must have been due to anticipation of the Mate's arrival, and I was still on deck, although considerably wilted, when she finally stood in the "Prowler's" presence. Until then, as it had happened, the Mate had seen only a portrait of this particular craft.

"My!" she said. "What a little boat!"

Expecting, as I was, delight and approval, this seemed chilly, but was, doubtless, beneficial to my overheated system. Although I had been congratulating "Prowler" on the roominess of her cabin, I was anxious lest a week in a 25-foot over all sloop should prove irksome to one who had never before slept in a boat for a single night. And here was the Mate beginning to feel cramped before we were even started. I pointed out the cabin's generous proportions, but began to doubt, myself, when I tried to stow away the additional cargo of feminine flummeries. Imagine, a fragile piece of headgear with a tall, upstanding feather stowed among the jugs and anchors!

The moment for departure arrived, bringing the former owner who had kindly offered to sail with us a short distance and show me how to run the engine. Aha! An engine! Yes, a 5-horsepower affair snugly stowed under the bridge deck.

As I had never run anything more complicated than an icecream freezer or a lawn mower, it seemed advisable to find out at least how to make the thing go, and stop it when desirable. I realized that there must be a few other things necessary to the mental equipment of a first-rate gas engineer, but I could pick those up as I went along. Heretofore I had always scorned motor boats as being tame, noisy and odoriferous. Now I excused my possession of a boat with a motor by conceding that a little power would come in handy occasionally to outwit a white-ash breeze or a head tide.

By way of demonstration, "Prowler" was to start her travels by motor power. Our mentor juggled the wheel a bit, and the engine started up pertly, and we were off for Narragansett. Even by virtue of gasoline it was good to get away from the sizzling boat yard into the bracing air of the open Sound. As we rolled along I imbibed single-cylinder, two-cycle, make-and-break knowledge, and then the engine was stopped. I was to make it go again.

I did, but not gracefully nor at once; and my puffed-up feeling was reflected in the Mate's face as I lifted mine, flushed, but triumphant, through the companionway. Now that I had mastered the motor (!) we made sail. After previous experience of the simple and unassuming cat, it seemed somewhat like graduating to a

JUST CRUISING



Prowling Through the Sound

By Henry J. Peck

A 1915 Cruising Tale

full-rigged ship, so numerous and complicated appeared the ropes I was expected to keep straightened out. The long-anticipated moment had arrived, and we were really "prowling."

At Port Chester we dropped anchor and pilot and prepared for the first night aboard. The boat's very comprehensive equipment, combined with the contents of two large bags we had sent from home, rendered waste room in the cabin a negligible quantity. By some rearranging we gained a square foot or two, and after the lamp and the oil stove had been prevailed upon to refrain from smoking, we got supper, washed the dishes, and felt very domestic.

Next morning the Mate blossomed out in full yachting regalia, even to the stars on the collar. Time to get under way, and light air ahead! A good time to air my motor acquisitions, and I confidently announced that I would start the engine. Secretly I was not so confident, but I turned on all the things that ought to be turned on and, seizing the crank, turned the wheel around until it snapped, and was not at all surprised that nothing happened. I repeated the motion. Ominous inertness of machinery! The Mate said nothing, and again I gyrated the wheel, without avail. Mindful of the instruction book's warning that an engine's refusal to go is due to some little oversight on the operator's part, and should not call forth maledictions on the machine and its makers, I carefully checked up on my obligations. Gasoline in tanks—air cock open—engine oiled—good spark—gas turned on—water turned on—exhaust turned on—switch turned on. I could discover no missing link.

Still the engine maintained a cold and unresponsive demeanor. I was far from cold, and at last declared, disgustedly, that we could sail if we couldn't "mote." The Mate's air plainly expressed her opinion of my engineering, but we began to make sail. The endless fathoms of rope up forward of the mast seemed to take a malicious delight in getting tangled up with each other. The jib stuck and refused to go up until I discovered that the halyard I pulled so manfully was attached to the staysail, still in stops. I got the right rope, but still the thing declined to budge, and at last it dawned on me that the downhaul was a downhold as well.

Impatience possessed the Mate, but finally we were off, and with much tacking succeeded in passing the Captains, Big and Little, Greenwich and Stamford. When not working the headsail sheets, the Mate amused herself by picking out the buoys on the chart and searching

the horizon for the real ones. Although an untried craft, of a rig unfamiliar to her new skipper, might be expected to display some peculiar traits of character, "Prowler" proved tractable and in the later afternoon was pulling down on Sheffield Island. As the breeze was getting tired, our chances for reaching the island did not appear good, however, and the Mate said, "Why don't you try to start your engine?"

Why not, indeed! A near calm, the desired haven four miles away, and a perfectly good motor loafing below and probably laughing in its muffler at us. I climbed dubiously below, wondering if motors ran any better of afternoons than early in the day. Then I had one of those inspirations which visit me so seldom. From some secluded corner of my mind the word "priming" suddenly bobbed to the surface. I seized upon it as if it were the proverbial straw. Often, as a boy, had I primed the pump at home. It was an idea I could grasp. I carefully did all the things I ought to have done, and then filled with gasoline the little cup on top of the cylinder and let it run inside. I turned the wheel—and lo!—a cough and a splutter from the machine. Again I tried and got three coughs and splutters. Once more I administered the dose—and the engine ran!

Straightening up for air as matter-of-factly as possible, and incidentally to receive the Mate's homage, I was just in time to hear instead a horrified exclamation:

"We're going backward! Quick—stop it—stop it!"

Sure enough, "Prowler" was retreating in a drunken arc, as the mate clutched the tiller desperately toward her. I ducked quickly below and threw off the switch, realizing that my arduous starting had been prosecuted with a fine disregard of the manner of bringing up the wheel. I tried again and induced the boat to go ahead, and we tasted the satisfaction of getting into harbor and giving a dead calm the laugh.

Sparkling northwest weather was the order of the morning, with a very evident breeze along with it. "Prowler" may have been mild and plodding the day before, but now she was as friskily and pranksome as a colt. I have an indistinct recollection of an ungraceful though capering getaway, with reefed mainsail, some complication of rigging and an unruly headsail.

A lively thrash around Greene's Ledge, where "Prowler" perversely refused to run before the wind for a while but finally took the bit in her teeth and went careening away at a great rate! The Mate had been looking as if she couldn't quite persuade herself that she was having a good time, and gave a sigh of relief when the yacht's skittish antics were settled down into a long, steady stride. This was the first thing like a breeze of wind that had come our way. It made ultramarine of the Sound, and sent a long procession of puffy "biscuit" clouds scurrying up from behind the clear-cut coast line. Several schooners strung out along the Sound appeared steady and unyielding and the Mate seemed to think I ought to make "Prowler" travel as sedately, but I reminded her that she had been pining for a life on the bounding billow.

"Is that steamer coming this way?" wondered the Mate. It eventually transpired that the "steamer" was neither coming nor going, and was a lighthouse. Consulting the chart, we agreed that Black Rock would satisfy us for that day.

Two bells (on the dishpan), and the call to soup was quickly heeded. For dessert we went ashore and sampled the Bridgeport brand of icecream soda. We laid in stores also. This would mean, ordinarily, a can of meat, a loaf of bread

and a pie. But the Steward's idea of the appropriate fare for shipboard resulted in a sirloin steak, asparagus, lettuce, Parker House rolls, Roquefort cheese, strawberries, cream puffs and chocolates. A suggestion of mine that this was a rather unusual salt-water diet was met by the retort that I probably would dispose of my share of it, which proved to be too true.

Sunday morning, but "Prowler" was on her way before any church bell had a chance to awaken in us a slumbering sense of duty. A Paddy's hurricane was raging, and hp. was cajoled into helping us scud out of the harbor under bare poles. The hurricane's fury having much abated an hour later, our accommodating friend was given the rest of the day off, and the sails were hoisted.

After feeling her oats in so lively a manner the previous day, "Prowler" had sobered down again into a sedate and leisurely gait. She jogged along steadily, affording the crew plenty of opportunity to admire the view. Although the chart tried to entice our craft from the tenor of her way into one or another attractive little harbor, "Prowler" had other plans in view. As the afternoon waned we began to suspect that the boat was making for Duck Island Roads and, just as the sun was balancing on the upper edge of Connecticut, "Prowler" slid behind one of the Duck's sheltering wings. It was beyond doubt a wild duck. A duckling sloop or two snuggled close to the rocky shore, and two others roosted high on the Duck's scraggly back. The entire population consisted of the bronzed lightkeeper and his wife, and half a dozen barking, capering dogs.

"A Maine-built bo't, ain't she?" the captain inquired, as we rowed up to the beach. "I thought so. Used to own that bo't myself—if 'twan't her, 'twas her twin sister."

Having a meagre acquaintance with "Prowler's" past, we gave the captain the benefit of the doubt, as he seemed so pleased to recognize an old and tried friend.

Duck Island boasted no ice-cream-soda fountain, but we bore up bravely under the deprivation and were consoled with fresh hens' eggs and chicken lobsters—paradoxical products, considering the place.

We had hard work to tear ourselves away in the morning, so fond seemed the Duck of our society, visitors being doubtless infrequent at that season. The wind and tide, too, evidently wanted us to stay there, judging from the progress we didn't make against them; but the kicker again came to the rescue and pushed "Prowler" along past Saybrook lights. Then the wind sprang upon us so vigorously from the south that I thought a reef would be appropriate, and acted accordingly.

The Mate was considerably disquieted by this maneuver, accusing me of giving orders too technical for her to execute, and also took exception to the flappings and plungings indulged in by "Prowler". The reef had a sobering effect on the boat, and we kept her off for Bartlett's Reef Lightship which loomed up ahead.

The "Prowler's" course was apparently approved by chart and compass but, suddenly, athwart her path appeared a streak which looked suspiciously like water breaking over something near the surface. It seemed quite surprising to run across Bartlett's Reef at that particular place—at least it, no doubt, would have been surprising if we had found ourselves suddenly trying to run across it. Having no desire to do this, I jammed the tiller down. The breeze, however, had maliciously dropped out again, and the "Prowler" was not at all spry about heaving away from what seemed an unhealthy

neighborhood for her.

I sprang below, and after hurriedly executing every little movement, our mechanical friend made her get a move on, and do a discreet detour of the lightship, before desisting. Then it occurred to me that maybe, after all, we had been running away from a harmless tide-rip.

"Oh! Look over there! See what a pretty boat—and what a high one!" exclaimed the Mate. Gazing toward New London I saw a craft whose spread of canvas could identify her as nothing less than a "cup" yacht—and our evening paper later proclaimed the arrival of "Vanitie" in those parts.

"Prowler" seemed to feel ashamed of loafing along with a short sail in the presence of this famous craft and, as I was just about to shake out, the erratic breeze rose up from behind Fisher's Island and said, "Don't be in a hurry." Down it swooped on "Prowler" now putting her lee rail awash, now letting her up for a breathing spell. The breeze finally made itself so scarce that our little friend below got a job of pushing us up into Stonington Harbor, the Mate remarking that for one who would use a motor only semi-occasionally I would have to exercise some self-restraint in the near future to keep down the average. A little power now and then is relished by all sailor men.

We took hardly time enough to roll the sail up decently, so anxious were we to get ashore for our favorite indulgence. On board, we had settled down after supper and dishwashing for a quiet game of Canfield. "Prayer meeting!" exclaimed the Mate when a bell rang out on the evening silence, as if in rebuke of our unholy pursuit. As the bell still tolled an hour or so later, the Mate thought the congregation must be awfully slow in gathering. Going on deck to look at the stars, she cried, "Why, it's all foggy!"

"Yes," I replied; "you've been getting your religious qualms from the fog bell."

The bell was still ringing in the morning and we could not see our way clear to sailing around Point Judith. This enforced tarrying was just the opportunity for a housecleaning mania in the Mate to break out in full force. There was no escape. The upheaval began. Lockers yielded up from hitherto unexplored depths new treasures, and objects not treasurable. In a short time the cabin was a chaos of bedding, oilskins, anchors, warps, spare lines, unaccountably snarled; dishes, oil stove, food (assorted), oil, jugs, socks and other more or less nautical appliances. As a seasoning for this marine salad, a sprinkling of our fourth lamp chimney was added, my head, as usual, having knocked it from the lamp as I delved around the mast.

Justice compels me to admit that when order was finally restored the cabin seemed one-half again larger than formerly. As an antidote, the ship's company went on a voyage by trolley, and discovered Mystic, returning home in a good humor, and so to bed.

Although the wind was mostly up and down the mast, at an early hour we were prowling well beyond Watch Hill, as I had shamelessly started the motor the first thing. The fog had a hangover, but not enough to be objectionable; and notwithstanding our experience with Bartlett's "Reef," the compass handed us the buoys with precision and despatch.

"Prowler" affected a swaggering gait, which showed that we were really getting out to sea. As it breezed up a little we stopped the engine, and sailed. The audible silence, created by cessation of the machinery, gave the dim line of white to the north a chance to send the ominous booming to our ears.

Evidently the Mate was enjoying the life on

the bounding main. When we had just begun to pull Point Judith out of the mist, she inquired when we were going to strike that long stretch of open water I had been talking about. Taking for granted that she knew from the symptoms, even if the horizon was invisible, that there were several thousand miles of water south of us, I had not considered it necessary to say, "Now we are on the ocean." She seemed quite surprised, and of the opinion that Point Judith wasn't such a terror after all.

Soon the wind left us, while the main became even more bounding, and from lirting joyously along, "Prowler" began to toss uneasily in a sphere of sultry grayness, in which the slatting of the sails, the surf's muffled roar and the moaning of the whistling buoy made a disquieting commotion.

There was something in the air which said that Old "P'int Jude" had no intention of letting us get by without a reminder that she was still on the job. The Mate seemed not quite so happy, and a towering bank of thunderous looking clouds in the northwest impelled me to abandon a policy of watchful waiting and let the motor work while the weather was getting ready to do something. I took in the sails, excepting the jib, and turned "Prowler's" head toward home.

My thunderstorm petered out after all, the southerly wind having merely paused for a long, strong breath. The jib rounded out, and the seas soon began to live up to their reputation. As the engine burred and snorted busily, pulling us gradually away from a sail which had come in from seaward ahead of us, I let her go as she was.

Every time "Prowler" rolled way down on the starboard side, over the exhaust opening, in some big hollow, I thought the motor would surely strangle, but it kept on gasping and sputtering. I think the mate wished she had reserved her opinion of Point Judith when the extra big seas rose behind "Prowler" as if to swallow her up, and made her yaw and bury her nose more violently than usual.

Castle Hill at last, and quieter; and with anchor safely down in Newport Harbor in mid-afternoon, the captain and crew were satisfied to call it a day's work. Newport was next door to home, anyway. The run up the bay in the morning would be a mere bagatelle. I have often observed, however, that just at the end you are apt to run against a snag. "Prowler" didn't exactly hit a snag, but a husky head wind and tide combination, which kept her back about as effectively. The farther north we got, the slower we went, until I indulged in the motor habit.

For weeks I had pictured the proud moment when "Prowler", cynosure of all nautically inclined eyes, should sail majestically up the river before a welcoming breeze. At the harbor mouth, therefore, I stopped the motor. Hardened, as I had become, I had left still enough sentiment to wish our yacht to enter unassisted. But, alas, the vicious northwest wind and ebbing tide conspired to thwart my fond anticipations and humble my pride and I surrendered unconditionally, with terms of unqualified five horsepower arrival.

However, as the anchor took bottom "up-town," I realized that there were many reasons for thankfulness. The Mate had proved herself a good sailor and the hp. had not once balked or kicked over the traces—surprisingly docile behavior toward an erstwhile scoffer at motor power. As for the yacht—she had proved to be all we hoped for and had amply fulfilled our rosiest dreams of "prowling."

(Our thanks go to reader George Fulk of Talequah, Oklahoma, for sending us this article clipped from a 1949 book "Just Cruising".)

I had been following with interest the development of ASAP, the American Sail Advancement Program. Their plan for Sail Expo sounded promising and so I sent off for info, appending a few comments on how they might help small boatbuilders. Apparently this was discussed at high levels and I was asked to submit some particulars.

I submitted plans for building a "Wee Punkin" at the show and, while I didn't get a freebie, I was offered space at the same rate as the class associations. I decided to go for it and sent off my \$150.

In due time I received a spiffy ring binder with lots of info including two pages of fine print. Oh, oh! "All exhibits must be carpeted." Well, I've got some odds and ends of old carpet. Hold on! "Carpet must be installed by union carpenters." There was a half hour minimum and these guys cost \$47.08 per hour. They also have to carry in everything that you can't load on your person. Wheels are a union prerogative. Lordy!

Moving right along: Insurance. Two million bucks. Two mil..., get serious. This is for boatbuilders? I've yet to find an insurance man who would even discuss liability for a

Tirade Time

By Jim Thayer

("Tirade Time", whence cometh the name? Years ago, in the glory days of the "Tholepin", I became sufficiently enamored of my acumen and importance to put forth an occasional opinion, well-reasoned and anchored on the rock of logic. After one particularly astute piece, my good friend and customer, Dusty Rhoades, pronounced it a "tirade". He wouldn't hear otherwise. Rejecting the definition, but taken by the alliteration, my commentary became thenceforth, "Tirade Time").

boatbuilder. Years ago I joined the American Boatbuilders & Repairers at considerable cost so that I could go to the first Small Boat Show. Not long after, they lost their coverage.

The lawyers have got the country by the...but that's another Tirade.

The day I got this news was already sort of a downer. It all started running through my mind. Carpets, carpenters, unions, insurance, parking, food, motels, winter in Atlantic City. For years the cornerstone of my business has

been driving across the country to lose money. I don't mind as long as it's fun. But, to get hassled?

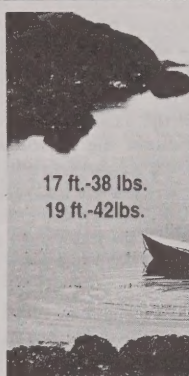
Before the day was out I was having serious doubts. Having slept on it, the course became clear. Do the executive thing. Cut my losses. Do something really worthwhile, like Baja.

I was happy and relaxed for a week or so when I chanced on a Harken ad extolling the attractions of Sail Expo. "See a wooden boat being built." My chest tightened. Was that me? Was I letting the side down? Would there be lines at the info desk asking for the wood boat demo?irate customers asking for refunds? Oh, relax. "Wooden Boat" probably had something going.

There has been much breast beating about the decline of sailing. Too elitist, so the Yacht Racing Union changes its name. Gary Hoyt promotes boats that are fast and easy. Don't tax the mind or heart. Sailing is inexpensive, blue collars are in.

Dare I say it? Maybe we are just a nation of wimps. Being a sailing potato sure beats getting wet, and the beer is always cold.

ASAP, with SailExpo, is hoping to turn things around. I hope they do. It sure would have been fun but I guess the industry will just have to make it without me.



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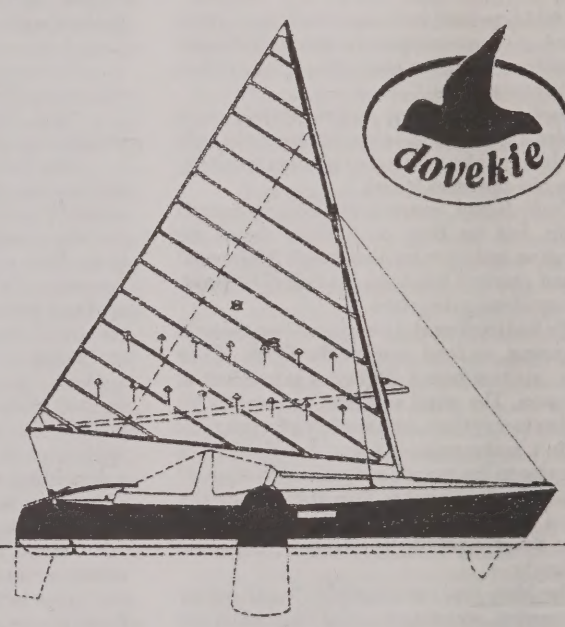
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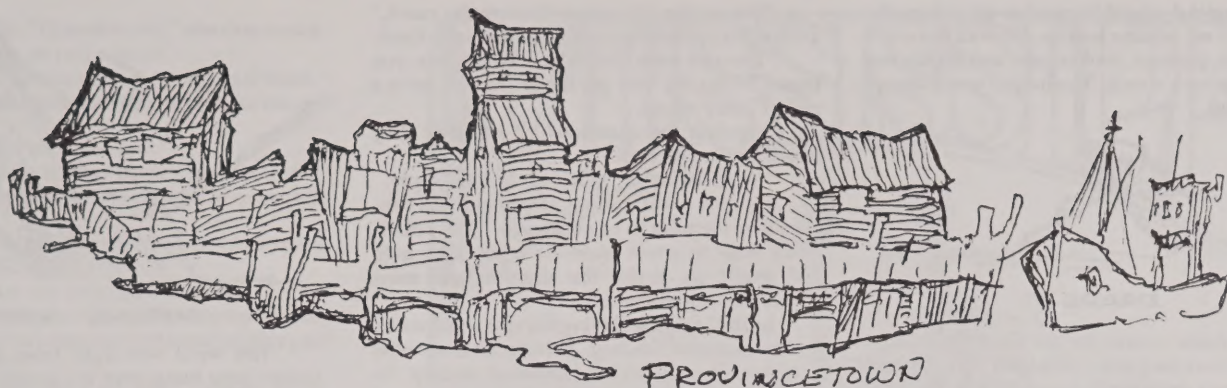



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PROVINCETOWN

Tom's Coast of New England

Being an Account of a Cruise Along the New England Coast Aboard the Vessel "The Damn Foole II"

The Author admits to free and blatant pilferage from "Carter's Coast of New England."

Provincetown

When I went on deck the next morning The village of Provincetown stretched before us. I immediately roused the crew and prepared to sail into shallow water and wade ashore and examine the peculiar inhabitants. "It's the migratory flyway of tourists," I explained to my passengers. They remained unimpressed.



BOY IN A BOAT

A boy in a boat came by and offered us a lift in. We tied the sails back up and climbed aboard. The boy said he lived on a 32' Bristol he had bought cheaply but wished he had a smaller boat like ours.

"I think I would sail more," he confessed. "Small boats do sail more," I agreed.

He had two prams on shore and offered the use of one in which he would leave the oars.

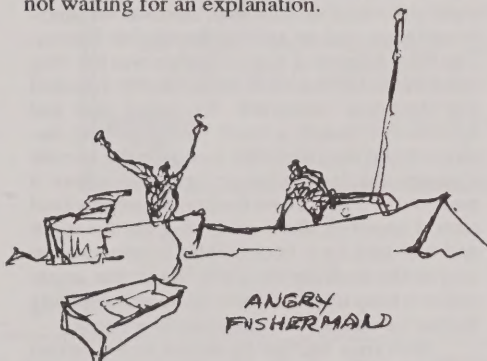
Ashore, the Professor went to the library, the Artist visited the galleries, the Piscatologist went to the fish pier, the Pilot, Waterman and Assyrian went to a tavern. I rented a bicycle and rode quickly away from the lot of them.



The bike path took me to the museum in the dunes. At the observatory it was explained that after we cut down all the trees the soil washed away and these desert dunes advanced as over the ravaged land of Nineveh. We are now patiently watching and waiting for the corpse to revive, while we fish out the ocean and pollute the air, no doubt to watch it try to revive at some future date. We stand monitoring and over-analyzing, collecting volumes of data and do next to nothing. Education has become a goal unto itself to do nothing with. I should have gone to the tavern and got drunk with the Assyrian and his companions.

We all met at the beach quite late, the Pilot, Waterman and Assyrian properly drunk. I complained of their excessiveness while taking, what I thought to be, "the other pram." We rowed out to the boat and tied the pram to the transom. I prudishly complained again of the drunken conviviality of the spirits. My dour mood left me with the feeling that something was wrong and we could only wait to discover it.

At 6:00am a boat crashed into us. "Who gave you permission to use that pram?" an angry fisherman shouted. "I missed 2 hours of work looking for it. Look at this boat. It's a mess. What kind of a sailor are you? I don't care how far you came. Get this piece of crap out of the harbor." He untied his pram and motored away not waiting for an explanation.



ANGRY FISHERMAN

"There really was none if it truly was his pram," the Pilot accused me.

Later we sailed to shallow water, put our clothes in a bucket and waded ashore. We separated again, each pursuing his own interest. I walked to Indian Hill. The "Mayflower" made first landfall at the Cape and anchored in Provincetown, where, it was recorded, the first act the Pilgrims committed upon coming ashore was to steal the Indians' winter cache of corn, leaving nothing and never thinking it improper



STEALING CORN

to let savages starve.

Later I met the angry fisherman on the

beach. He was still angry. I apologized and explained the mixup. He preferred to remain angry. So I gave him reason to remain angry.



RATHER BE
ANGRY —

"You are in the wrong business my friend," I told him. "Fishermen and farmers, although necessary for our survival are doomed to poverty. The harder they work the poorer they get. The catch each year gets smaller because of pollution and overfishing. And crops get smaller because the soil becomes depleted and less fertile.

"I am a fisherman," He responded proudly.

"You're a fool," I told him. "Money is made by manipulation, not work."

I offered him money for the misuse of his pram. He adamantly refused, stomping off a happily angry man. I spoke with his wife, listening to her litany of poverty. I gave her \$10.

"He'll be more angry if he learns I took the money."

"I can't imagine him being any happier."

I was determined to leave the next day. The Assyrian came aboard again drunk. I complained. Next morning I read in the ship's log, "The



LOG

Captain is sober again this morning." From then on it would be the first statement in the log each day and since entries in the log may not be changed the insinuation would remain. The Pilot went ashore to fill our water firkins, find more charts and get weather information. The Artist fraternized with members of his peculiar species. The Professor lost himself in the library. The Assyrian and Waterman got drunk.

All returned to the boat reluctantly. We hoisted the anchor at noon. A late start. The

Piscatologist dredged for marine growth on the bottom as we left the harbor. He was rewarded with trash, garbage, broken gear and finally lost his dredge on a wreck. The harbor was a dumping ground.



DREDGE

We made course for the Cape Cod Canal again. It was a long uneventful sail with the land astern never seeming to leave us, nor the land ahead drawing near. When the sun set we were still far offshore.

The night was black as night could be. In the darkness the land came upon us quickly and because there was no surf on the beach we could not tell how far off this unfamiliar shore we were. As a precaution we dropped the anchor 12 to 15 feet letting it hang and continued toward shore until it caught and set. Then we paid out scope and dropped another anchor. The sails were lowered. The Pilot cooked something and we ate whatever it was and lay in our bunks by 11:30.

"You told me that we were to cruise the coast of Maine. Why in heaven's name are we trying to go through the Cape Cod Canal?" The Professor asked.

"I thought we would sail Buzzards Bay visit Cuttyhunk in the Elizabeth Islands, then Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Chatham, then through Monomoy gut out into the Atlantic and up the outside of the Cape back to Provincetown, then across Stellwagen Bank to Gloucester. From there we would start up the coast to Maine," I explained windily.



TO MAINE!

"An ambitious prelude to the coast of Maine," He chided.

"How do you expect to get through the canal?" the Pilot asked.

"In the morning we'll sit at the entrance and ask passing boats if they'll tow us through."

The spirit crew looked at me quizzically, then retired.

I was up at sunrise and underway. The spirits slept late. We sailed to the canal entrance and waited. In time several boats passed and refused to tow us. I offered money and was still refused by other boats. A Coast Guard boat came out in a flurry.



No!

Manned by two young men and a woman in uniforms, they came alongside and stared at us not saying a word. By doing so they were demanding an explanation.

"I'm waiting for a tow through the canal," I offered as justification for my presence there.

"Do you own that boat? Where are you from? When did you get here? Do you have a radio?" they asked.

Ignoring the questions, I asked if they could tow us through.

"We don't tow," was their helpful reply.

By now I was getting angry and was cautioned by the pilot to be courteous. "They obviously want to arrest someone rather than help and would do so for the slightest and most obscure transgressions."

In 1872 the Life Saving Service was formed by the Humane Society. Private citizens who volunteered time and contributed money. In 1915 it was taken over by the Government and turned into this police force peopled by robots who are given no authority to make a decision. Functioning like protective nannies to every passing boat. Arresting anyone for violations of safety and negligence. "Is there a towing service?" I asked tersely.

"No," they answered.

In days past all vessels were towed through the canal. Now it is completely discontinued and everyone is left to his own devices. You must own everything you use in this world, that is why we are buried in junk. Prisoners of our precious privacy.

IN DAYS PAST



The patrol boat circled us several times, then raced away to make its official report. By now we had lost the tide that would have quickened our transit of the canal. At noon we abandoned hope and set sail for Barnstable Harbor. The Pilot suggested that the harbor was too long and narrow and the wind not favorable. I studied the chart and concurred. We sailed past and approached Sesuit, a small harbor a short distance down the coast. We beat into the narrow channel and fearing to go further in where it narrowed even more we docked at a nearby boat club. I inquired about anchoring for the night and was told by a very helpful commodore to stay on the dock for the night. There was ample water to keep us afloat and if there was anything further he could do for us to let him know.

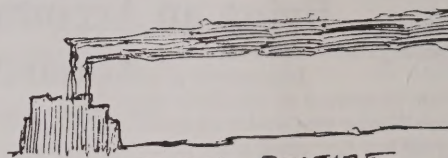
Everyone had left by sunset so we settled down for a quiet evening, eventually retiring. In the small hours of the morning there was a grinding sound. I ignored it. When it grew louder and persistent I went topside to find the boat stuck in the mud, the dock lines holding us upright. I eased up on them afraid they would snap or pull out fittings but the boat started to fall over. I quickly retied them. Then got every line I could find and trussed the boat up like a criminal. The bow sank deeper into the bottom pointing the stern into the air. A sliver of moon smiled at us amusingly. With nothing else to do I went below and tried to sleep in the bunk that put me in a standing position. The grinding stopped and the straining lines held the boat in traction.

At sunrise a rabbit on the dock greeted us, viewing the amazing sight with his starboard eye. After a time we were afloat but landlocked. In another hour I was able to pull the boat into deeper water, raised the sails and we drifted out of the harbor on the tide.



AMAZING SIGHT

The wind was light from the west. An iodine haze hung over the power plant by the canal. The tribal bonfire kept burning in the cave. The Professor brought our attention to a blackheaded Laughing Gull sitting in the water next to us.

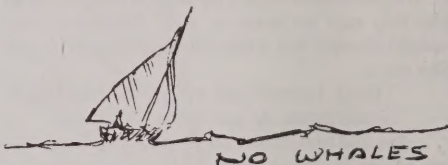


TRIBAL BONFIRE

"A ridiculous name for a beautiful bird," we agreed.



We sailed the 20 miles to Provincetown where we spent the night, then sailed over Stellwagen Bank in the hope of seeing whales. We saw many whale watch boats crowded with cetacean voyeurs.



NO WHALES

We made a good passage with a stiff breeze to Salem. Docking at Derby Wharf we went ashore to the witches monument designed to commemorate the 300 anniversary of the witch trials. It was constructed not at Gallows Hill, or at the court house, or where the accused were imprisoned, or even in Salem Village, which is now Danvers. The monument is in the graveyard where the Judges buried.

The Professor told us of the last witch tried in Salem Village. "She was taken off the street and put in the dock and accused repeatedly of witchcraft, which she denied repeatedly, until, exasperated, she shouted, 'You would have me be a witch?'"

"Aye," was the reply from the court.

"Then how do I be a witch?"

"Why it is common knowledge. Repeat, 'I am a witch three times'."

The accused woman repeated it loudly three times. "Now I am a witch. You can only try to punish the innocent. You will not try a real witch."

"You dare to threaten this court? Make no mistake, you may only do what you are permitted to do in this court."

"So you say, but I'll do as I wish," she

replied angrily. "Question me," she demanded.

"Are you an evil witch?"

"Aye. I am that now. A bitchly evil witch."

"Did you blast our crops and make the soil infertile?"

"I did not but I do now."

"Did you make our cattle give sour milk?"

"I did not but now they shall give no milk at all.

"Did you make our children disobedient and possessed?"

"I did not but they shall be now."

The children in the court became hysterical.

"Have you consorted with and made a pact with the devil?"

"I did not but I do now," staring at the judge, who turned into the devil.

"Did you swear allegiance on his book?"

"I have," holding the bible high above her head. Bats and dogs and cats flew about the room. The judge babbled ancient laws in ancient languages. All in attendance in the courtroom hallucinated except the jury who witnessed the power of evil. The witch stood like a natural disaster to be tried, judged, convicted and punished.

"Ask me if I will destroy this miserable little town with all its miserable inhabitants," the witch in the dock laughed maniacally.

The jury screamed, "Innocent, this woman is innocent of being a witch and we do declare that henceforth there will be no other trials, that there is no such person as a witch and no such thing as witchcraft."

"Then there is no need for me to continue being a witch," the accused said and repeated, "I am not a witch," three times. "Take warning, do not give anyone the right to kill for they shall surely kill you."

200 people were released from prisons and there was no more talk of witchcraft in Salem. In other parts of the world witch trials went on but in Salem they stopped that day when they made a witch.



(To Be Continued)

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Rowing at Scout Camp

By Moby Nick

Too often, I think, rowing boats at summer camp are identical. Some committee decides what model to have, and they end up ordering a truckload. The boats at Camp Bryan were different from each other and therein lay their charm. Most of them were not pretty; not after years at the hands of inexperienced youngsters, and coat over coat of plain white paint covering the dings. Nonetheless, part of earning a Rowing Merit Badge in the Boy Scouts is learning the characteristics of skiffs, dories, punts, and johnboats. While descriptions and illustrations in a book may be adequate, trying them out on the water is eminently better.

My turn in these wonderful boats came in the early 1950's with Troop 5 from South Bend, Indiana.

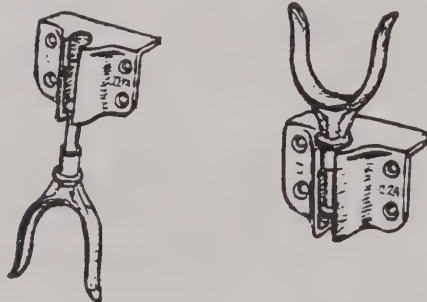
Most of our rowboats were heavily-built skiffs with cross-planked bottoms. Some were "flatirons", with little rocker and nearly straight stems. Others had more shape. There were also variations in length, beam, number of thwarts, and placement of oarlocks. Scouts who wanted to row well soon figured out which ones didn't fit and avoided them. Many of the boats were set up for tandem rowing, and instead of having transoms cut down for an outboard motor, they had a simple notch in the transom for a sculling oar.

There were two very nice modified dories, with more transom, more bottom, and lower gunwales than a banks-style dory. We had to pay some dues in order to use them. One was designated the "lifesaving boat" and had a rounded rack of slats fitted over the transom to facilitate pulling a "drowning victim" aboard. Campers used it only for their Lifesaving Merit Badge test; otherwise it lay always at waters' edge, "prepared".

The other dory was reserved for the rowing instructor. Occasionally, if it was the only boat left at the pier during "free boating" in the evening, and if he planned to stay ashore, and if he considered a couple of these "sprouts" trustworthy, and if they were going out for the merit badge, he might let them use it, if they promised not to leave muddy footprints. A lot of ifs, but not beyond the realm of possibility, we found.

An easy rolling motion underway, without being too tender, was just one manifestation of the grace the modified dories possessed. I especially liked the softly curved sections of their topsides, formed by three lapped planks. We also figured that their longitudinal bottom planks made for less drag than the cross-planked seams in the other skiffs.

Another favorite model was the four plywood johnboats. Unlike traditional long, narrow, cross-planked river fishing johnboats, common on Indiana's rivers, these had more beam, yet were lighter in construction, having shallow v-bottoms and sweeping sheer. Their interiors were finished bright, as were all of the camp's canoes, making them quite distinctive. They were the longest rowing boats at camp, with two stations spaced well apart, and elbow room to spare in bow and stern. The transom notch was deep, having some return at the top to help keep the oar in place. Scouts who were "mentally awake" started practice for their merit badge in these craft until getting the hang of it. With luck a kid might draw one of the johnboats for his test at the end of the week. The transoms in all of the other boats had only half-circle notches, so the loom had to be kept pressing downward continually, a detail not easily accomplished at first, if ever.



Considering the variety of boats, it seemed downright diabolic that all of their oarlocks should be identical. They were galvanized cast iron "Davis Pattern" deals that folded down when not in use so as to not gut the hapless scout who might lose his footing on a wet bottom (so

we were told) having failed to keep his loom pressing downward, or some such. That was all very considerate, to be sure, but we secretly wished that one or two of the boats had the pin-type oarlocks that everyone we had ever seen row a boat always used.

Getting underway in one of these boats for the first time was great fun, for everyone except the kid handling the oars. Weren't oars supposed to swing more or less horizontally? These always seemed to be going up and down! We wondered whether we ought to get a couple of short lengths of line up at the Scoutcraft Area and lash them in place. Vocal complaints were not entertained for long by the instructor without retort. A major part of rowing lore (in addition to Indian lore and nature lore, the Boy Scouts have lots of lore associated with the water) emphasized that the only oars worth the bother were those having leather sheaths and collars for use in open oarlocks, ring oarlocks, or for real men of the sea, thole pins. That's when we would pounce on the idea of ring oarlocks. We'd seen them depicted in the merit badge book and they sure looked like a better deal than our clunky Davis contraptions. The instructor had a ready answer for that, "that it was hard enough to keep paint on the oars without having iron rings sliding up and down the looms".

Keeping the oars seated in the locks was not the end of it. Oh no! They had to be feathered on the return swing, too. Now for the uninitiated, feathering is the term used for the practice of rolling the oars a quarter turn in the lock so that the blade lies horizontal on the return swing. And this was expected to be accomplished by feel alone, because merit badge lore maintained that only sissies looked to see whether their oars were properly aligned. Sure, if a kid was just out to net some frogs in the lilypads he could forget all about that feathering stuff. But at scout camp proficiency in any skill is measured in merit badges, and it was my aim to become proficient in every aspect of boats. Still is, I guess.

Anyway, why was feathering so important? The instructor had a couple of answers for that question. "Well sprout, just as it says in your rowing book, a feathered oar will slice right through waves on the recovery. It also makes for

easier going in headwinds." "Sprout" was what they called all of the youngest scouts until you did something noteworthy, whereupon they started using your last name. Inflection would indicate whether one's deeds had been a credit to one's troop, or not.

"Then how come we have to feather oars opposite ways when we pivot? Headwind ain't a factor then!" If conversation could've earned merit badges, we would've had them all by the time we were twelve.

Our counselor also had an answer ready for that, too. "Think about it sprout; ja'veer notice how sometimes the oars don't quite make it all the way flat? Even if ya'kin get it flat, it's a good idea to have the leading edge angled up a little so it'll skim over the water instead of plowing in. So now, with that in mind, we turn our wrists down rowing forward, and up going astern." Along about then a scout might wonder whether he ought to have tried Cooking Merit Badge instead. As for me, boats were the best part of the whole camp and I was determined to do it right.

In the evening, after supper, we would check out a boat and practice techniques learned earlier during rowing period. I never quite understood the guys who went over to the rifle range, or somewhere else during free time. If the waterfront wasn't closed due to weather, I would always be out with a couple of buddies in a boat. It wasn't long before we had a plan to insure that we got our choice of boat, too. First, we would take along our towels, field glasses, frog net, glass jar with holes in the lid, and whatever else sounded like fun, when our troop marched off to the mess hall. At age eleven and twelve we all thought "mess hall" was the neatest name in the world for a cafeteria. After the meal, during the songfest and announcement period, one of the crew would ask leave to use the latrine. We thought "latrine" was a great name too!

Following this brief visit, our advance man would hightail it down to the rowing pier so as to be first in line to check out a boat. There was a path between the latrine and the waterfront that could not be seen from the mess hall, and with the usual commotion, he wouldn't be missed. To the remainder of the crew fell the task of convincing our Scoutmaster, Mr. Quigley, to come along with us.

Mr. Quigley was our first choice for completion of the crew because my limited swimming ability made it mandatory to have the sponsorship of someone holding a Lifesaving Merit Badge. Since rowboats were not nearly as highly regarded as canoes and sailboats, other accomplished swimmers, such as my Patrol Leader, "Fitz", would much rather enjoy the more prestigious watercraft. Mr. Quigley was, first and foremost, "a good guy" who wouldn't refuse unless there was something equally important that needed his attention. Guys like "Fitz" would have to be bribed with something like an extra share of cherry cobbler, next time it was served in the mess hall. Cobbler was a form of currency in Troop 5.

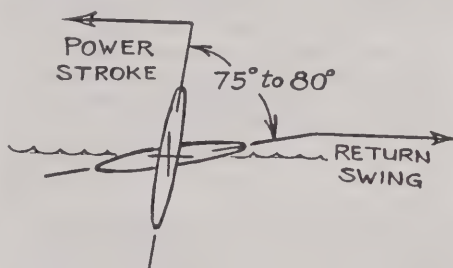
After dismissal from supper the rest of the crew would find the most suitable craft for serious rowing, one of the swift johnboats with the good sculling notch, firmly reserved. Another reason for having the universally admired Mr. Quigley along was that it would be easier to persuade the counselor to let us check out two pair of oars, as well as an extra to steer with in the stem.

Originally from Boston, Mr. Quigley (only adults ever used his first name, which was Arthur, or "Art") was a Professor of Electrical Engineering at the University Of Notre Dame. Out in a

boat he was the best coach in camp for rowing. On a typical excursion we'd soak up tips on rowing technique on our way over to the marsh at the west end of the lake, then poke around in the lily pads looking for anything alive that we could capture for the Camp's Nature Center.

Most of us were also signed up for some sort of natural science merit badge, too, and we could get extra credit for expanding the camp zoo. It was also an issue of pride if Troop 5 could boast that we had caught more stuff than any other troop. But getting back to boats, our choice of boat filled the need for capacity, speed, stability, and a good notch to assist novices in the art of sculling.

It was Mr. Quigley who imparted the secret smart feathering, as well as keeping the oars firmly seated in the locks on the power stroke. We'd already been advised to angle the leading edge of the oars upward on the recovery, however, the oars still popped up out of the locks all too often on the pull. Our Scoutmaster would show us how to angle the top edge ever-so-slightly toward the direction-of-travel through the power stroke, subtly forcing the blades deeper into the water. This of course required that we exert a bit of corresponding downward pull on the grips in order to keep the immersed blades near the surface. The net downward force made it next to impossible to suffer embarrassment with Davis oarlocks. From this point onward we could safely participate in making disparaging remarks about those who preferred pin oarlocks.



An added bonus realized with this technique was that the oars needed to be rolled only about 80 degrees for feathering instead of 90, a great relief for the wrists!

Now, sailing was what I really desired, more than rowing, or even canoeing, but use of the camp's eight-foot prams required more advanced swimming ability than I had yet attained. And the wrecked dink I had at home was a long way from sailing anywhere at that point. When I expressed some of this one evening out by the marsh, Mr. Quigley supported my belief that sailing was a rewarding pursuit, and told of having sailed a Cape Cod Catboat in Boston Harbor during his youth. None of us kids had ever seen one of those, for real, but my favorite painting from art class in school was Winslow Homer's famous portrayal of four boys sailing just such a catboat. "An example of diagonal composition", the teacher had said, and for me it reflected everything I considered worthwhile about sailing. The fact that our Scoutmaster had actually sailed one greatly impressed me.

Earlier I mentioned racing other boats and canoes. When fully equipped with five oars, a race might very well be the highpoint of an evening. Of course outrunning one of the flat-iron skiffs propelled by a single oarsman was almost too easy to be any fun, unless the opponent happened to be an older scout of superior rank, who, in that case, naturally considered himself superior in all things, compared to "tenderfeet" like us. After we had sprinted ahead just enough to make him look foolish, we'd veer off to find something more our match.



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Canoes were more of a challenge. As pointed out earlier, everyone in camp considered canoes superior to rowboats. Some even thought canoes better than sailboats, though that group certainly never included me. Since any canoe we might encounter would always have older and more experienced scouts aboard, all it would take would be one brash taunt and a race was on.

Frankly, we surprised ourselves when we discovered how fast the v-bottom johnboats could be. A lot of that speed was due to our coxwain, who would quietly point out which oar might not be drawing as efficiently as the others. Of course something unfortunate, such as an aft oar popping out of the lock, followed by the rower toppling over into the lap of the forward rower, would almost certainly result in the canoe gaining an insurmountable lead. I forget now, whose oar it was that slipped free.

The race course never varied; always a straight line between wherever we might be, back toward the camp waterfront, across an imaginary line extending out from the camp's lookout tower, through the offshore swimming raft, and beyond to the opposite shore, which was the narrowest part of the lake. Keeping it the same saved a lot of time that otherwise might be wasted in discussion. The length of the course would be up to a quarter-mile from points west, and anything up to a mile from the east.

We had to be careful, especially if our party did not include the Scoutmaster. Racing was just barely tolerated by the camp staff, and recklessness not at all. The tower always had a lookout who never failed to spot infractions. Serious breaches of the rules would be halted with a command boomed over an electric bullhorn to "Beach that boat, scout! Yes! You two from Troop 5!" The shame could be enormous.

Our troop was one of very few who attended summer camp for two consecutive weeks

instead of just one. Mr. Quigley was there for the first week, and one of his assistants, both graduate students at the University, took over for the second. While the other troops were packing up on Saturday afternoon, and most of the camp staff were planning a weekend off, our bunch would have the camp to ourselves. The big event would be an entire afternoon on or in the water. Of course with hardly any staff available, we would have to provide our own lifeguards and tower lookout. We found these responsibilities could be fun, too. It was our one great chance to blow a whistle for all we were worth and holler "BUDDY CHECK", just like the staff always did. Since swimming was not my favorite activity, I'd try to spend most of the time out in a boat. Though I was only a "beginner class" swimmer, I had a Rowing Merit Badge firmly in hand and so it was determined that I could safely solo. The instructor was gone so I checked out his dory for some more-or-less aimless "messaging about", and used my bath towel to swab the footprints when finished.

The second week of camp had a special quality that the first did not. What it came down to was simply "knowing the ropes". Our Troop's leadership was always exceptional, whether it was Mr. Quigley, one of his Assistants, or one of Troop Committee, a group which included my Father, who had been a scout shortly after the program was brought over from England. Anyway, the previous week of experience, combined with our distinguished leadership, along with the fact that we'd had the run of the camp for two days and did not disgrace ourselves, tended to increase our influence with the staff. I would exercise any influence I could muster down at the boat pier, soloing, or getting another shot in the instructor's dory.

Well, over the course of several years I fulfilled my aim to acquire all of the merit badges associated with the water, as well as

others necessary to achieve the rank of Eagle. Those credentials made it possible for my last season at camp to span the whole summer, not with Troop 5, but with the Camp Staff as Rowing Instructor. At the end of that summer Camp Bryan was closed.

The following year my younger brothers went to a new and much larger camp called Wood Lake Scout Reservation. People proudly pointed out that the Scouts owned all of the property surrounding two lakes. No longer would they share the water with misguided bass fishermen who pushed their boats around with Johnson Seahorses, and used oars with pins drilled through the looms right where strength was needed most.

The old fleet of wooden rowing boats and canoes were sold at auction and replaced with shiny new aluminum watercraft. The canoes came in three lengths between fourteen and nineteen feet, but the rowboats were identical in every detail, right down to the extra oarlock bolted in the center of the motor cutout. With their bulbous pointed bows, parallel gunwales, and dead-straight sheer, they were unusually ugly. They also emitted loud noises with any kind of bump, especially with an oar. When some of the foregoing was mentioned, people pointed out that these boats were "maintenance free", which was true enough. The only way you could've gotten one to leak would've been to drive a railroad spike through the bottom.

They might at least have kept the two lifesaving dories, so the new kids could've experienced a decent rowing boat. And the plywood johnboats, too; newer than the planked skiffs, they never leaked, but best of all, they were fast, and fun to row.

Postscript: Our family currently cruises in a Dovekie which we row or scull whenever the wind won't blow.

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One of the most treasured gifts that I received this past Christmas was the 1922 Log of the International Star Class. At that time most of the one hundred seven Star boats sported the original gaff rig, although a few visionaries were their old mainsails on the newly introduced marconi rig. In the 1922 Log, there were photos and records of the Stars going back to the original lot built by Isaac Smith in Port Washington, Long Island in the year 1911.

There were only a few sailboats in Hempstead Harbor (just east of Port Washington) but in 1930 three Wee Scots were owned by young teenagers of my hometown, Sea Cliff, and I, with my fourteen foot rowboat, organized seven other boys who sailed or crewed on the Scots, and for 25¢ a year dues, revived the Sea Cliff Yacht Club, which had died out in 1910. In the next year, we grew to seven Scots, then six Handicap Class and two sailing canoes.

In 1933, with my three brothers, we bought Wee Scot #14 and started sailing, taking scheduled turns on whose day it was to sail. It was difficult owning one-quarter of a boat, so in the winter of 1932-33, I became one of the over twenty pioneers building Snipe Class sailboats in workshops, basements, barns, garages, front porches, and even one in a living room. So I sailed my Snipe #272 in the Summer of 1933. We raced only on Saturdays as Sunday was frowned on as a day for competitive sports. My interest in the Snipe was very intense and I lived and breathed my home built centerboarder.

Later in the summer, a neighbor found a short-rigged (marconi) Star boat that had been driven ashore in a storm, and survived without a keel but with a hole where a keel plank had ripped out in its misadventure. Being a carpenter, this neighbor bought the wreck, found a used keel and began to restore Star #279. What an intriguing project this was! In discovering this possible addition to our fleet, I was told of a Star, long in storage at Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club in Oyster Bay. I learned that a price of fifty dollars was being asked and even though I had little money having spent eighty dollars building the Snipe, the mere thought of going from a fifteen and a half foot boat to one of twenty-two and a half became irresistible.

I went to look at the Star. I was told that the hull had languished in the club boatyard for over eight years. Checking out the equipment, I was amazed to find that the rig was gaff-headed with old cotton sails, with a patch on the mainsail identifying it as Number 15. I borrowed the fifty dollars, bought the boat, filled the seams with laundry soap and towed my new (?) possession around through Long Island Sound, home to Sea Cliff.

I rigged the boat and sailed it all the latter part of the 1932 season. In 1933, the keel-less neighbor's Star was sailing with me, as were two other short-rigged Stars. When we appeared together at Manhasset Bay Yacht Club's Fall Race Series, the *New York Herald Tribune* noted that old boats must have been dragged up from Long Island shores to participate.

The following season, five modern rig Stars were added to the fleet and I followed them around the course each week. Of course that did not satisfy me for long. For twenty dollars, I bought a forty-foot four-by-four and all by hand, I carved it down to shape, hand sanded it before applying several coats of spar varnish. I trimmed the old gaff down to a new-rig boom size and began to think about sails.

I heard that through the class organization, I might find a second-hand set, so I phoned Mr. George Elder, a yacht broker in New York City who was the President of the International Star

A Treasured Gift

By Ward Bell

Class Racing Organization. I told him my story and after a few questions, he told me that he would sell me a set of sails for thirty dollars. To me, that was a bargain because I had been told that most used sails were selling for fifty or more. I made an appointment and went to Elder's office to pick up the sails.

While I was there, he questioned me about the number of my boat. I told him that the number 15 was on a square of sail cloth, loosely basted to the sail. He replied that in the early days, hulls had no identifying numbers carved into the keelson as became the custom later. Furthermore, he knew that Star Fifteen was registered in the Solent River Fleet in England, but that the man who had sold that boat had had two Stars and often interchanged sails, using the numbers on the sailcloth patch for identification. Therefore, he said, if Number Fifteen is in England, yours must be Number Fourteen, built by Smith in 1911! What he did not tell me when he sold the newer sails to me so inexpensively, I began to learn more about twenty-five years later. The man who owned the two Stars was none other than George Elder, founder and later President of the ISCRA. No wonder he knew about the correct number! Well anyway, henceforth it would be "Starward", Star 14, and although the boat is now long gone, it continued to be so listed.

Getting back to the chronology of my story, in 1935, I launched my re-rigged prize and proceeded to finish the Spring Series still in last place among the fleet of ten new-rigged competitors. Wishing to do better, I began to ask my own questions and learned that Star keels could

be moved as much as four inches aft of the design location. I decided to go all the way. I band sawed out oak intermediate frames in the two week Second Series, which because of Larchmont Race Week, did not count in our Season Championship. I re-bolted the keel in its new location and finished fifth in the Summer Series. With my ups and downs that was my final season standing at the conclusion of the Fall Series. The improvement was most welcome. Once, when the better skippers did not show up, I even won one race!

I sailed my beloved Star for the next three seasons, until having graduated from college, I needed a car to drive to work. I sold #14 and crewed with a pal in his faster, more ably skippered Star, number 400. My boat went to Camden, New Jersey, and in the late 1940's, my Star-sailing brother saw Old Fourteen in a Sheephead Bay, Brooklyn shipyard. She had a small cabin added, but had returned to the condition she had been in twenty-five years earlier when I had found her. By then she was over thirty-five years old! Unfortunately, I never heard more of "Starward" but in the 1922 Star Log I received in 1992, there she was, still listed from her earlier days.



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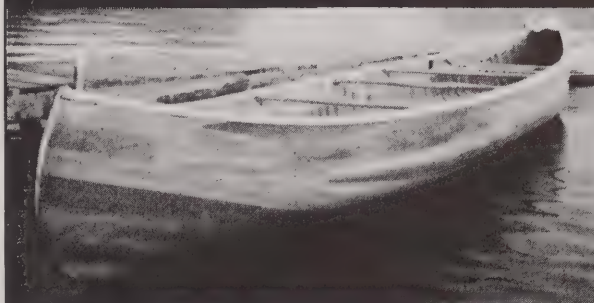
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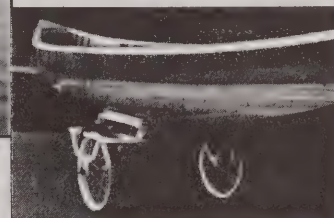
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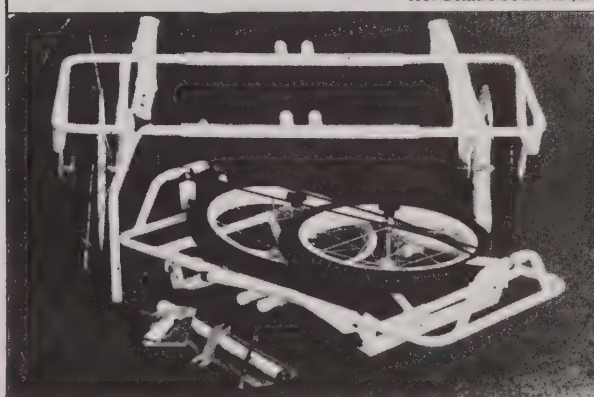
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Photo Weekend at Mystic Seaport

By Sharon Brown

On September 12 and 13 last fall, Mystic Seaport Museum co-sponsored Photo Weekend with Eastman Kodak. This annual event, in its twelfth year, was expanded to a weekend-long format in 1991, and this year, the on-the-water component featured small craft. Professional and amateur photographers were invited to partake of the scenes set up on the grounds, and encouraged to submit their work for judging.

It was a photographer's bonanza with clear air, and on Saturday especially, a stiff breeze out of the north that provided some great sailing and a plethora of photo opportunities. Participants were fitted with appropriate nineteenth century apparel by Susan Jerome of the Education Department.

The most prominent of the various small craft—sail and row—were a large sharpie and the catboat used in The Boathouse livery program. The 35' New Haven sharpie sailed on her chine going to weather with Karl Robinson at

the helm and Dean Seder on the foresail sheets, his back arched and pigtail trailing. Karl steered with his boot and threw the mainsheet over to clear the transom executing some spectacular gybes by Chubb's Wharf and the "Charles W. Morgan" whose jibs cast long triangular shadows on the sails, adding to the ambience of another era. The 20-foot Crosby catboat reproduction, "Breck Marshall" which carries 392 square feet of sail, sailed under a double reef with Captain Ted Stanton at the helm. Dennis Doherty who sailed as crew, had the best vantage point as she pushed up a significant bow wave broad reaching toward the bulkhead.

A few of the boats and people who participated are represented in the photographs that follow. For information about the winners of this year's contest, and the program for the 1993 Photo Weekend, contact External Affairs, Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic CT 06355-0990.



The 13-foot Woods Hole Spritsail boat "Sandy Ford" reaches across the river with costumed staff, Lauren Hart and Linda Prior, switching off at the helm. "Sandy Ford" and "Breck Marshall" are Crosby catboat reproductions built in the Museum's Boat Shop.

Captain Ted Stanton braces the tiller of the 20-foot Crosby catboat, "Breck Marshall", against his leg as he prepares to haul her mainsheet in and gybe her past the bulkhead with crew Dennis Doherty acting as bow watch.

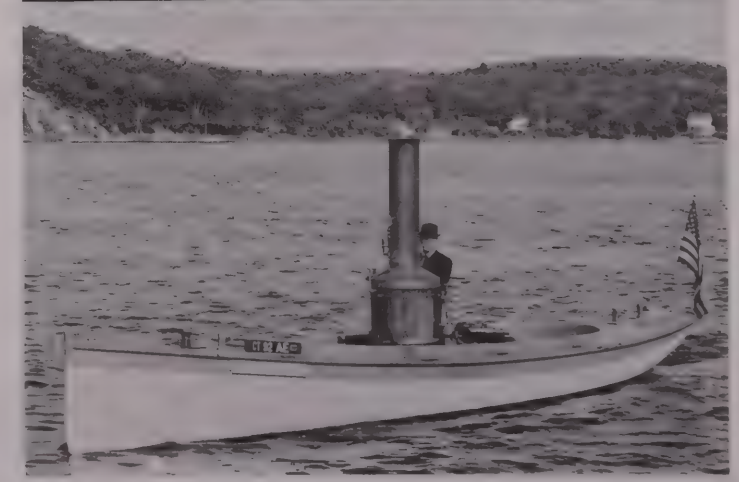
The 35-foot New Haven Oyster Sharpie beats to weather in a northwesterly breeze, her rail splashing the waterline as the "Breck Marshall" falls off on a broad reach under a double reef.

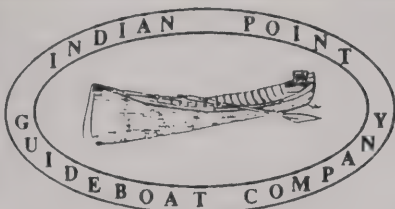
Paul Campbell rows his daughters in the 16-foot lapstrake Boston Ship Chandler's whitehall, "Elysea"; running across the Mystic River in the background is the Gil Smith Great South Bay Racing Catboat, "Anitra".

Betsy Winegate brings the John Gardner built North Haven peapod alongside the dock; the 16-foot Willits Ansel built New Haven sharpie skiff replica is in the background.

Education Department staff in nineteenth century costume, enjoy a leisurely row in the Seaport built 13-foot Noank sharpie skiff.

George King, III, at the helm of the 30-foot steam launch "Walter & Edgar" owned by Terry Spencer of Bloomfield, Connecticut. The "Walter & Edgar", built in Bath, Maine celebrated her 100th anniversary last summer as a waterfront exhibit at Mystic Seaport.





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Oh, the Joys...

By Joe Raymaker

Having built Phil Bolger's "Teal" a couple of summers ago, and having made a great many changes in the design and in assembly techniques, I felt quite confident in plunging into the design and construction of a boat to fit my needs. "Tubby" a seven foot, sprit rigged catboat (?), will be the subject of a later article.

"Tubby" behind me, I bought a dinghy from a departing neighbor, mostly for fishing. Several people to whom I showed the dinghy thought it was a rowing version of "El Toro". As "Tubby" had not turned out to be the fastest of boats, I thought I'd take the sail from her and adapt it to my dinghy.

I hate the idea of leeboards, but I thought that putting leeboards on BOTH sides would be a way to test the dinghy as a sailboat. I drilled two holes in the hull on each side and bolted a nominal 1"x12" piece of fir 30" long on both sides of the hull. Makes it harder 'n hell to get the boat into the water, but they're firmly anchored in place.

I drilled a hole in the forward seat to accept the mast and mounted a mast step on the floor of the boat. I modified "Tubby's" rudder a bit and hung it on the stern, and with that I was ready to sail.

I chose to mount the leeboards at the same position as the thwart, that seemed balanced to me. On the good side, the boat tacks on a dime; two leeboards do create a lot of drag, however.

I can't tell as yet whether the sail's center of effort is too far forward of the boat's balance point, but the boat tends to fall off the wind; holding the rudder at a severe angle doesn't help. I'm forced to sit behind the thwart/seat, which pushes the stern down and bow up, and this adds to the problems.

Perhaps the boat would move faster with only one leeboard? But which one to remove? I dimly remember "Dynamite" saying in one of his books that one didn't have to transfer a leeboard from side to side, as it didn't make any difference. Well it does make a difference. My experience is that the leeboard on the lee side works well in spite of my other problems; on the weather side, though, it only makes the problems worse. It helps the boat to fall off and run down wind.

Yesterday on the lagoon I saw an "El Toro" and got close enough to see that his mast was stepped a lot further forward than mine, and guessed that his C/E would also be ahead of mine on the basis of sail design alone. I also noted where his daggerboard trunk was located, give or take a couple of inches.

This afternoon I took the boat out one more time just to confirm that it really wouldn't sail in an acceptable manner, and that to even come close I had to sit up on the thwart. I struggled back to the dock, hauled her out and scrubbed her down, ran the sail and lines through the laundry, and sat down to write this letter.

Later I'll move the boat to the garage, step the mast about 6" further forward, build a daggerboard case and mount it at the appropriate location, first having removed the seat. I can't make up my mind as yet whether to refit the thwart/seat permanently as an integral part of the trunk assembly, or content myself with an easily removed box-like seat, such as one finds in "Teal" I'm leaning towards the first option; a permanent seat appeals to me more than a box.



Bike & Boat a Boffo Combo

By Greg Shadduck

For five years we have pulled our small boat behind my old ten speed bicycle to the nearby Mississippi River to row it with our small family. It has been a great way to duck out for boating. Those of you who are boaters, bicyclists, and tinkerers may want to try it, too. We recommend it for its simplicity.

We recommend it, though, only if you have a small boat, live fairly near water, do not suffer headwinds, and do not confront hills you are unwilling to walk up (or down).

We, for instance, live about a mile from where we put our boat in. Our boat and trailer altogether weigh about 130 lbs. And we can name every slight rise (or decline) on the way to water, as well as the precise place on the most

severe slope where I can't even move the bike-boat combo on my own, but need a helping push uphill.

Here's how we have done it, how you can do it:

The trailer is the easiest part. Many firms sell them, and you can make one from wood and stub axles that mount bike tires. Minimize weight.

Lash the boat to the trailer.

Attach a "bowsprit" to the boat, semi-permanently or otherwise, as you see fit, which ends in a means to attach the boat to the bike.

We attached an Austrian bicycle trailer hitch ("Fahrradanhangerkupplung") to my bike. The Swiss also have a nice design (by Inca,

makers of those fine and expensive stationary power tools). Both are ball hitches of a type used in the Germanic countries to haul up to 100 kg. of, e.g., milk behind a bike (downhill, I expect, such as from mountain pastures to village creameries in the valleys).

From here on it's common sense, such as "Take back roads."

Young children may ride in the boat on the trailer, along with your supper, etc. We did it often before the kids were on two wheels. But I would not recommend any more weight than we are carrying (i.e. pushing 200 pounds), for it's a burden, even on the flats.

European bicycle trailer hitches are certainly superior to the poor things that have evolved in America (Cannon, Burley, etc.), but I don't know of anyone who imports them. And they are made to attach to the stays behind the seat, just where the centerpull brake and its cable lead on our common ten-speeds, making their installation problematic. We attached mine to a reworked frame for a child seat.

My personal, irrational, fringe-element opinion is that the U.S. needs hundreds of thousands of good bike trailers and good hitches, far beyond our current yuppie child-pulling recreational trailers. Dozens of German, Austrian, Swiss, and French firms have produced utility trailers for bikes for decades.

My rational opinion, on the other hand, is that in the land of cheap gas it's a long shot (e.g. "Let's drive over to the park and jog, eh?"). But what better bunch to pitch this bike and boat deal to than to readers of "Messing About in Boats"? Drop me a line if you think we should import some *Fahrradanhangerkupplungen* (for *Fahrvergnügen*!).

Gregg Shadduck 3508 45th Ave. So., Minneapolis, MN 55406 tel. (612) 729-1292.

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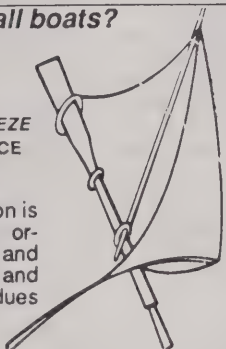
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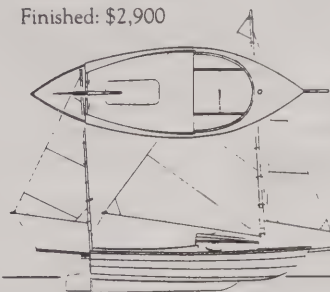
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A PADDLE, A DUCKBOAT & A "WHISP"

I'm building a double paddle without a pattern or plan. A question that has arisen is why are the blades opposite to each other? Is the paddle rotated as you paddle? (Yes, Ed.). I used a 1-1/4" closet pole and curved 1/4" lauan for the blades and plan on using dynel glass to cover it.

I built the 1929 three board duckboat that was in "Messing About in Boats" last year; beam 24", length 15'9", 8' cockpit, 123 lbs, foam in each end, lauan bottom and sides with dynel up to the gunwales. We also built a "Whisp", which rows very nicely, and has a sailing rig.

I enjoy reading "Messing About in Boats", it doesn't feel so much like I'm all on my own when I read about the problems others have.

Bob Yentzer, Star Tannery, VA.


MODIFIED GLEN L 19

Currently I'm building a modified "Glen L 19". I placed the ribs 3" further apart and gained 15", squared off the front of the cabin, added a bridge deck, extended the port side of the cabin aft across the bridge deck to form a wet locker, and gave her a curved transom I also completely changed the layout below, built a fixed keel to house the lower part of the centerboard. I plan to fit her with a junk rig. About all that's left from Glen L are those ribs.

I'm also building a "Whisp" for my daughter and her husband. Now I see in the February 1st issue the boat I want to build next, that "Buffalo Ferry". It looks like it would be a good stitch and glue project.

Skip Streeter, Chehalis, WA.

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THREE YEAR DIVERSION

Last Labor Day weekend was the long awaited jubilee for my three year diversion from the onset of age and its attendant miseries, when with quite a lot of help from friends, we launched "Sure Cure", my Atkin houseboat, onto beautiful Gulf Island Pond here in Auburn, Maine. My neighbor with his big 4x4 tractor simply backed her into the water on a flatbed trailer loaned by another friend and she floated off like a feather on the breeze.

The paddlewheel and rudders had to be installed after the launching as they might have been damaged in the process. But with her 10" draft it was easy, with all the parts pre-fitted and at hand for a stalwart young crew of friends who assembled her in jig time. In an hour we were off on a shakedown cruise.

September and October were idyllic on Gulf Island Pond and in about a dozen forays the "little hooker", as Atkin called her, proved seaworthy and controllable despite the great windage of the cabin and hull sides, combined with the scant draft. An oil heater kept us comfortable on chilly days. My pig-in-a-poke purchase of a used 30hp marine diesel was a stroke of good luck, good in every way. It drives the vessel on idle with power to spare and with diesel economy. I'll spare you the details, but gearing down from a modern engine speed of 1,200 rpm to a

paddlewheel speed of under 50 rpm was a challenge, though not too great for a farmer with some old farm implement parts laying around.

She can be beached for boarding and backed off with reasonable ease, given favorable winds. She can be managed single-handed in calm conditions but expedience calls for two agile deckhands if any of my senior peers are onboard.

A marine surveyor found no major flaws in construction and we passed inspection by two wardens, so what can go wrong next season? Plenty, as one knows from experience and hearsay. Nevertheless I'll stake "Sure Cure" against any craft her size and weight for enjoyment just messing about.

Walter Sargent, 636 N. River Rd., Auburn, ME 04210.

Editors Comment: In 1986 we serialized Walter's account of building his Dutch influenced sailboat "Andro Zee", built almost entirely from flotsam and jetsam that floated down the Androscoggin River into Gulf Island Pond (fomed by a dam on that river). We subsequently sailed with Walter in his boat, a triumph, in our mind, of Yankee ingenuity and will over lack of funds and unaffordable "correct" materials. Jane and I both recall with pleasure that outing with this retired Yankee as one of the best days of "messing about" we have experienced.

MY THOMASTON GALLEY

My own messing about is being done on a Phil Bolger Thomaston Galley which is still sitting in my living room after about a year of part-time construction. I chose this boat as my first for a simple sail or small motor boat to use for fishing. I chose this particular design because it is quite functional for my needs, I actually LIKE the way it looks, and its construction is somewhat traditional, requiring a building frame and molds to make the shape. I wanted to learn as much about boat building as I could from this project, something more than building an "instant boat" could provide. She is almost done, with just the bottom to be epoxied, and will be launched in the spring.

I particularly like the way that "Messing About in Boats" brings me word from other hare-brained boatbuilders working in absurd places to build their boats.

Ernest Murphy, 8 Denver Ct., Coram, NY 11727.

A CATAMARAN FOR LABRADOR CRUISING

We are presently at work on a 21'9" Divinycell core catamaran. This boat, which I designed in close cooperation with its owner, will be used for a motorized expedition to northern Labrador. Later it will be used as a test bed for experimental sailing rigs.

The design allows for the crew to ride inside of the hulls for shelter against the forty degree summer temperatures of northern Labrador. Overall beam can be adjusted from eight to ten feet depending on the needs at hand. Two watertight compartments in each hull provide safe fuel storage and large encloseable cockpits allow for a crew of one to four to be safely carried.

The Divinycell cored hull is laminated with biaxial fiberglass and vinylester resin and a layer of kevlar will protect against abrasion.

Jon Persson, Persson Mfg. Co. 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-2343.



A KAYAK FOR THE NOT SO AGILE

Here is my sea kayak "Tursiops", built from plans I purchased from "Wooden Boat", of 4mm occume marine plywood with mahogany rubrails and stems and fiberglass taped seams. It

is painted with Interlux paint. I chose the design because I liked its looks and with its beam it's best for my not so agile 74 years.

Ken Arnold, Spring Hill, FL.

TILLERS & LEEBOARDS

Over the years I've always been unhappy with the conventional tiller setup on 99% of sailboats I'd ever been on. Jumping from side to side while fighting a mainsheet while tacking always seemed wearisome but necessary. When I built my little single-hander trimaran (Nov. 1, 1992 issue) I decided I would incorporate a "steering stick". I've not regretted this decision. One can stay in one spot on all tacks because the tiller is pushed and pulled along the axis of the hull rather than swung across it.

Construction is simple. A 12" piece of clothes rod pole extends horizontally to port or starboard from the rudder head. An eye in its outer end permits a tiller arm to be snapped or hooked onto the rudder. The only negative aspect of the "steering stick" is the little extra muscle needed to bring about a larger rudder.

I also looked for a simpler way to solve the "keel" problem for my craft. I wanted no "hanging down" appendages and no slits in the hulls. The only alternative seemed to be leeboards. They are usually used one up and one down, okay if your making mile-long tacks, but if you're in a river or narrow lake you get worked to death hopping back and forth raising and lowering the boards as you tack.

So I thought, why can't two slim and thin, but deep, boards be lowered together on a stiff framework? Naw, everybody said, too much drag. Theoretically, maybe, but only a purist wouldn't give the idea a try. Fastening such a rig to the boat was the first need. I mounted a trailer panel bracket near each gunwale at the point aft of the mast I thought an appropriate spot for the boards. With the brackets in place, a piece of steel pipe is inserted in pre-drilled holes meant for 5/8" shafting, and terminates with flanges to which the leeboards are bolted.

Midships, square tubing was welded into a framework meant to carry a 3/4"x4" steel plate down to the footwell deck. On the deck was fastened a magnet made up with two parallel flat edges. When the "handle" (flat plate) touched the magnet the boards were down and locked, sko to speak. Any string of a solid obstruction pops them loose and the boards swing up. Once clear, they are simply locked down again.

But, would it work? Like a charm. No noticeable drag and lots of lateral resistance. The only negative is the need for keeping the magnet contact surface clean and rust-free. And I am much happier with my own inventions than I would be with the use of more "traditional" methods.

Dick Randall, P.O. Box 788, Cherokee Village, AR 72525.

WANTED - CANOES

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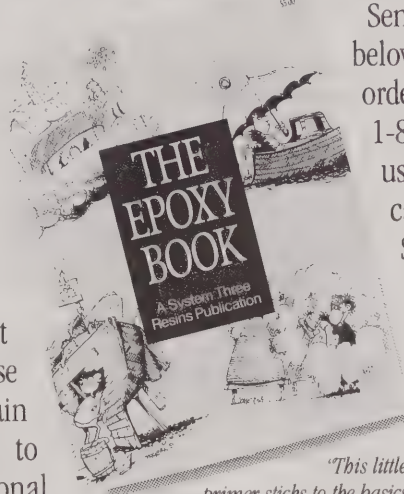
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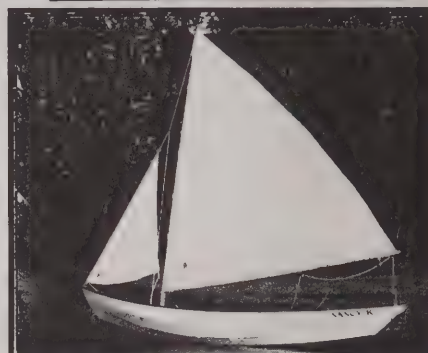
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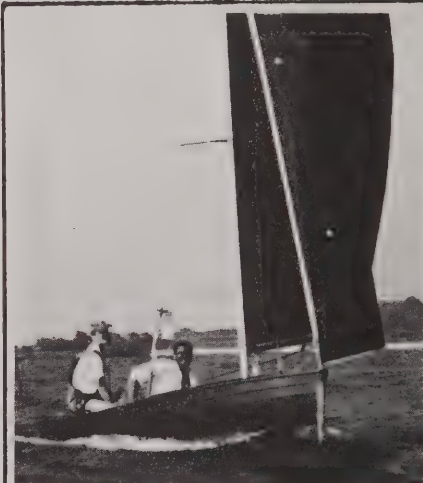
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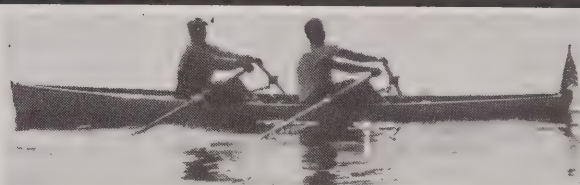
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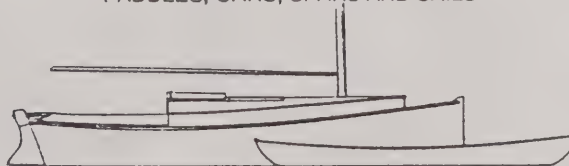


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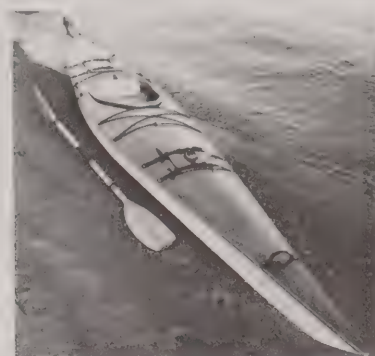
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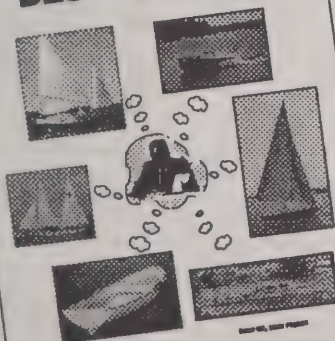
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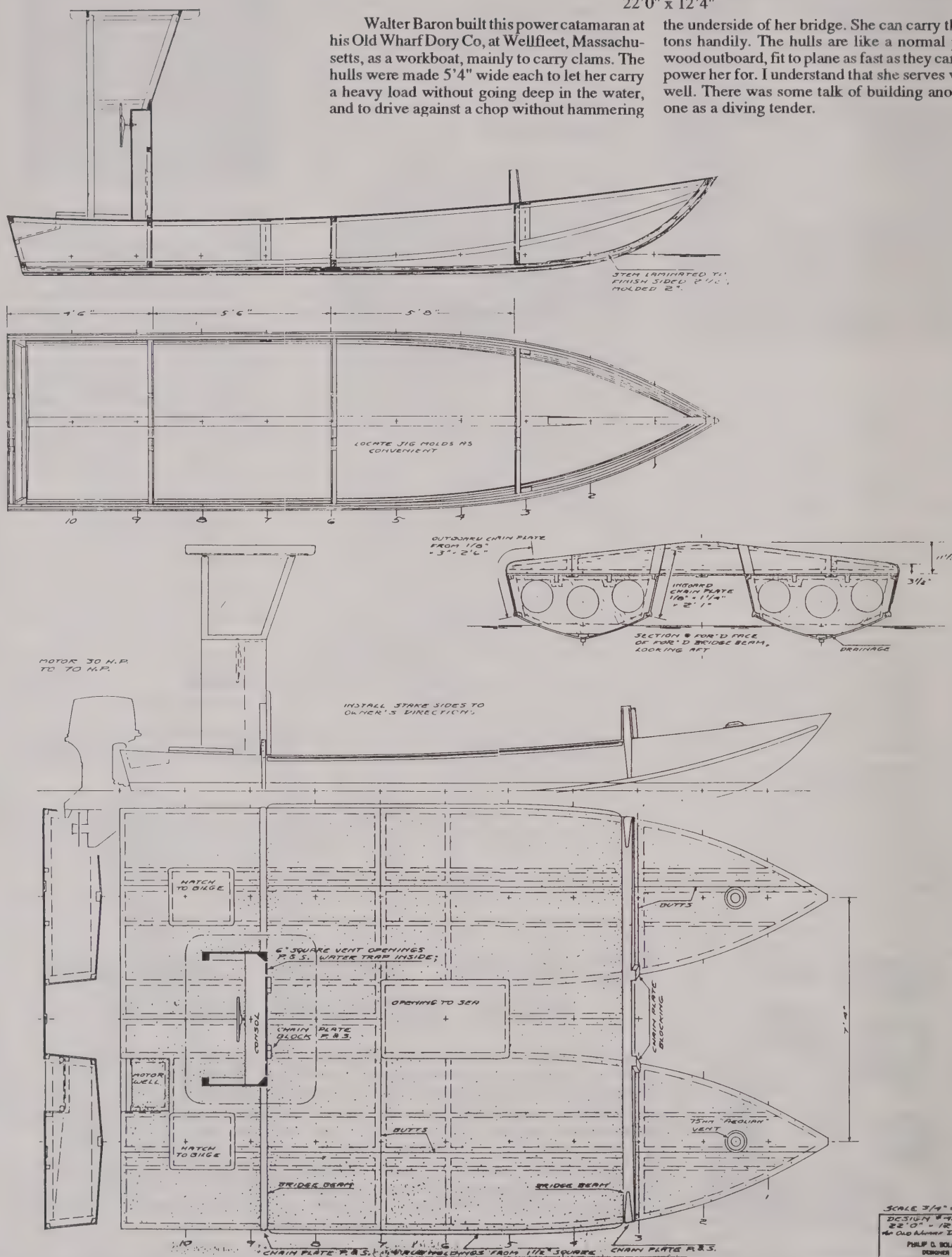
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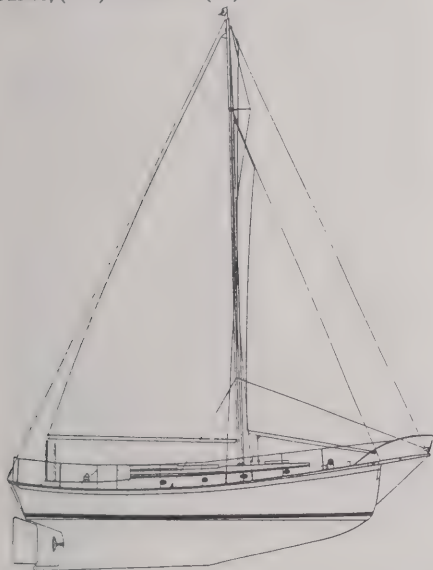
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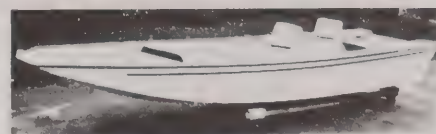


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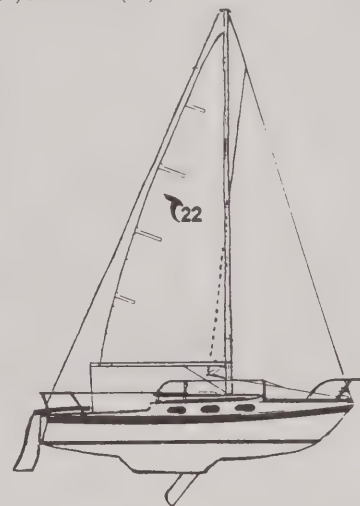
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GAIL FERRIS, Stony Creek, CT, (203) 481-4539. (23)

14' STURDEE CATBOAT, fully equipped, best offer. Call for details.
EDWARD BURR, Amston, CT, (203) 228-9650. (24)



WAYFARER, professionally bilt Cobble Hill kit using West System w/bruynzeel ply, Proctor spars & Harken hrdwre, compl cruising setup w/boom tent, may spares, compl documentation & IID trlr. Quality hard to find Wayfarer for just \$5,900. Consider a fantastic Wayfarer vacation in the Washington San Juan Islands. Send \$5 for compl info package.
RON MUELLER, P.O. Box 4330, Bellingham, WA 98227, (206) 738-8059. (24)



16' BOLGER MICRO (see cover Nov. 1st issue), slps 2 in cabin, seats 6 in lg cockpit. Epoxy coated AC plywood hull, teak decks, rudder & trim, 1" rope rubrail, green sails & hull. 8hp Mariner & 2 tanks;. Running & cabin lights, VHF, anchor, compass, galv tandem trlr. all in gd shape. This boat turns heads and is the source of dockside chats wherever she goes. Non-boaters always think she is an antique! Stable and easy to sail. A great mini camping yacht for lakes, rivers and coastal sailing. Arrival of new boat motivates price reduction from \$3,600 to \$2,500 or BO. Delivery possible.
MARTIN STEVENS, Black Mountain, NC (704) 669-8863.



EXPERIMENTAL TRIMARAN, 16' single hander, glass, unsinkable double ender. Kick-up leeboards & rudder, full batten main, self tending jib, 5' Harken traveler & car, Shaefer mainsheet blocks, custom trlr. Owner antique. Best offer over \$1,000.
DICK RANDALL, Cherokee Village, AR, (501) 257-4337. (24)



30' COLD MOLDED SLOOP, 1984, 4,700 lbs, western red cedar/epoxy hull, teak deck, lead fin keel. \$15,000 or BO. Call for details & pictures.
GAVIN WATSON, CT, (203) 438-2575 eves, (203) 932-3000 days. (24)

23' CORONADO COASTAL CRUISING SLOOP, 5 sails, 1992 genoa w/flexible furler roller furling, VHF, Loran, depth sounder, 1989 8hp Yachtwin, full galley, heads, slps 4. Many upgrades in 1992. Fully equipped for coastal gunkholing. \$6,000.
PAUL COURNOYER, Portland, ME, (207) 797-7033. (24)



CLASSIC 17 CONCORDIA SLOOPBOAT designed & bilt by Pete Culler 1966. Cedar on oak, natural pine decks, spruce spars, cb. Gaff rigged, new sails & cockpit cover 1991. In 1st class ready to sail cond. Custom trlr incl. \$5,900 or BO.
HIRAMP MAXIM, Lyme, CT, (203) 434-9499. (24)



33' L.F. HERRESHOFF "MEADOWLARK" shallow draft leeboard sharpie coastal cruising ketch, bilt 1962 under L.F.'s supervision. Cedar & yellow pine on white oak, authentic L.F.H. hrdwre, 15hp Yanmar diesel (250 hrs) VHF, propane stove, porta potti, etc. Cabin slps 4 in comfort, 6 in a pinch, Exc cond. Further reduced to \$11,000.
BOB SILVIUS, 20 Wolf's Neck Rd., Freeport, ME 04032, (207) 865-3947. (24)

SMALL CRAFT. Sailing dinghy, 11' Robin, classic Rhodes design, exc, w/trlr, \$1,250. Canoe. Old Town Pack, 12' solo, 33 lbs, used once, \$375. Kayak. Whitewater or flat, 10'6", commercial grade hypalon inflatable, exc, \$450.
JIM ALEXANDER, Philadelphia, PA, (215) 667-5961. (24)

WINDSURFERS. Hull, fin, straps only. '92 Bic Astro Rock Race Tec, 9'4", new, \$495. Seatreand Race Board 249 Limes 12'4", rare, \$595. Mistral new Malibu, \$500. Div. II Olympic Class displacement hull, \$350.
JIM ALEXANDER, Philadelphia, PA, (215) 667-5961. (24)



23-1/2' DYER AUX C/B SLOOP, 1932. 4 cyl Palmer 2:1, tabernacle mast, African mahogany on white oak. Slps 2, 4 if you're friendly. All ground tackle & extra parts. \$6,500 firm.
KEVIN HENEBURY, Fairhaven, MA, (508) 997-3705. (24)



20' ST. LAWRENCE RIVER SKIFF. Bilt 1989 by Wm. Clements Boatbuilder to modified lines from Mystic Seaport. Constr is glued lap plywood epoxy coated & finished bright. Boat has folding CB from Springfield Fan Centerboard Co., and is rigged as gunter ketch. This boat is vy fast under sail or oars. It has been maintained in like new cond.
GARDNER BALDWIN, 1904 Nantucket, Houston, TX 77057, (713) 789-6319. (2)



16' SWAMPSCOTT DORIES. We've built 185 of these wonderful boats since 1976, and they have built a legend for their versatile performance, quality construction and beauty. They sail, row and motor. Rugged fiberglass hull, abundant teak woodwork, polished brass and bronze hardware and gleaming brightwork. A simple but elegant craft that lets you become intimate with the real pleasures of boating. Kits available. Video available, \$10. **CRAWFORD BOATBUILDING**, Box 430, Humarock, MA 02047, (617) 837-3666. (TFP)

DELIGHTFUL WATER DOME, Key Largo, like having your own island! Spacious vacation studio with sundeck, afloat on Florida Bay. Includes sailboat, motorboat, spectacular views, privacy. Sleeps 4. \$595/week. **SHOAL WATER CRUISES**, Key Largo, FL, (305) 451-0083. (TFP)

16' MARTIN APPLIEDORE POD rowing shell, compl w/oars & sliding seat. Bright cedar, perfect, \$5,000 new, steal for \$2,200. **PETER CORCORAN**, Kennebunkport, ME, (207) 967-8658. (4P)

KELLS 21' SAILBOAT, 1974, swing keel, cuddly cabin, fully equipped w/compass, porta-potti, safety gear, dinghy. **MUST SELL!** \$3,100 w/brand new Tohatsu 8hp OB or \$2,400 w/o. Will discuss winter storage. Mooring available. **ALAN BROD**, N. Smithfield, RI, (401) 769-6030 anytime. (TF)



CLASSIC MOTH BOAT PLANS available for 11' Dorr Willey type sailboat. Qualifies for annual regatta in September. Plans \$25 + \$3 postage. **MUSEUM OF THE ALBEMARLE**, 1116 U.S. Hwy 17S, Elizabeth City, NC 27909, (919) 335-1453. (TFP)

EXPERIENCE YOUR DREAMS. Live aboard a traditional 36' British channel cutter, comfortable accommodations for couples or family. Vacation in the Florida Keys winters or on CapeCod summers, enjoy bed & breakfast weekends at \$95 or custom arranged weekly or monthly charters. **CHRIS SPOHR**, Tavernier, FL, (305) 852-0395. (1P)

10' DECKED CANOE, FG w/mahogany coaming & rub rails. Red w/grey deck. Like new. Incl double paddle. \$290. **P. ROSSMANN**, 25C Broad St., Charleston, SC 29401, (803) 723-3213 days, (803) 795-4405 eves. (24)



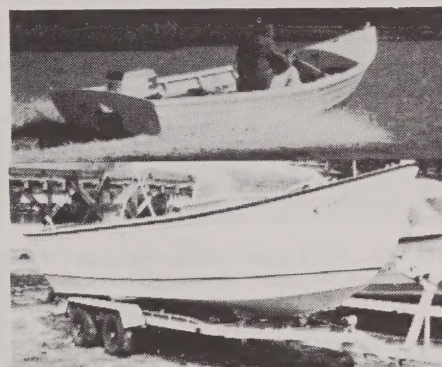
DRAGON. All wood sloop, racer & day sailer. In beautiful cond. 29' LOA, fixed keel, cuddly. Blt 1956 by Hansen in Denmark. Lovingly maintained by one owner last 30 yrs. Pictures available. \$15,000 OBO. **GEORGIA BORDEN**, RR 1 Box 83, Chaumont, NY 13622, (315) 649-5717. (23P)

ESCAPE NEW ENGLAND WINTER! Sail beautiful warm Florida Bay in our 25' and 34' leeboard sharpies. Nicely equipped bareboat charters. Fabulous waters, secluded cruising. Cottage also available. **KEY LARGO SHOALWATER CRUISES**, P.O. Box 1180, Key Largo, FL 33037, (305) 451-0083. (TFP)



AMERICA'S FAVORITE ROWING SHIRT! Specially priced; T-shirt \$16.50, Tank \$14, Sweat \$22. M,L,XL. Free shipping, MC & Visa. **WATERMARK**, Box 2732, Kennebunkport, ME 04046, (207) 985-4421. (21)

INVENTORY CLEARANCE: 10'6" Wee Lassie solo canoes, cedar strip WEST system, weigh only 23 lbs. Exquisitely handcrafted, \$995 plus shipping/delivery. **BRAGG HOLLOW BOATWORKS**, P.O. Box 95, Halcottville, NY 12438, (914) 586-3101 days, (607) 326-4071 eves. (24P)



SIMMONS SEA SKIFFS. Classics of the North Carolina coast. Outstandingly seaworthy, fast with low power, light, simple plywood lapstrake construction. Detailed plans and directions; no lofting. **SEA SKIFF 18** (photo above) featured in "SBJ" #51. 17'1"x5'7"x5" draft, 20-40hp. Plans \$30. **SEA SKIFF 20** (photo below), the big offshore fisherman. 19'4"x7'6"x10" draft, 50-70hp. Plans \$45. Information on both \$1. **CAPE FEAR MUSEUM ASSOCIATES**, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (919) 341-4350. (TFP)

TROPICAL HIWAY EFFICIENCY COTTAGE, KEY LARGO, PRIVATE BAY FRONT, ENJOY TROPICAL FOLIAGE & SUNSETS. RENT INCLUDES 16' DAYSAILER, TANDEM CANOE, HOT TUB, LAUNDRY FACILITIES. 4 PERSON MAX. \$395/WK. SAT. TO SAT. **KEY LARGO SHOAL WATER CRUISES**, KEY LARGO, FL, (305) 451-0083. (TFP)

MARINE PAINTING. Hulls, bottoms, interiors & brightwork done at reasonable rates. We serve most of Connecticut & Rhode Island shoreline. **SHORTWORK MARINE PAINTING**, W. Mystic, CT, (203) 447-9273. (24P)

QUALITY WOOD/CANVAS CANOES, 16' & 17' long, featuring decoratively engraved decks, half ribs, sculpted thwarts, yokes & carrying handles. From \$1,840 (CND). Complete repairs to wood/canvas canoes. Lateen rigged canoe sailing kits. Custom made paddles.

ARBOR VITAE CANOES, P.O. Box 1916, Sussex, NB E0E 1P0, Canada, (506) 433-2013. (24)

"SLEEPER", 7'10" car-toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below decks. Plans \$35, info \$3. **EPOCH PRESS**, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912. (TFP)

"OUT YOUR BACKDOOR". Like "Messing About in Boats" & "Rolling Stone" blended together (shaken not stirred). A friendly, snappy aperitif to whet your wild whistle. "A sort of "Prairie Home Companion" for the true doer." (Woody). "Whimsical." (Bob). \$8 sub. Contributor contest \$\$. **OUT YOUR BACKDOOR**, 4586 Meridian Rd., Williamston, MI 48895. (23P)

"SAUSALITO WATERFRONT STORIES", \$9.95 + \$2.50 s&h. **EPOCH PRESS**, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912. (TFP)

CANOE LINES, PLANS. Lines, offsets, mold patterns, for 12', 14-1/2', 16' & 18-1/2' canoes drawn for traditional beauty & versatility. Sized for either strip-built or wood/canvas construction. **FRANKLIN CEDAR CANOES**, Box 175, Franklin, ME 04634, (207) 565-2282. (TFP)

16' DECKED SAILING CANOE, aluminum hull, compl rig incl ACA lateen sail. May be used w/or w/o outrigger & pontoon. \$395. **BILL NEWCOMB**, Calabasas, CA, (818) 222-4316. (24)

28' SHEARWATER by Edey & Duff. Airex foam shoalwater cruiser. Sprit rig w/leeboards. 6" draft, 1,850 lbs, w/2-axle trlr. 2 giant dbl berths, propane stove w/oven & grill, icebox for 80 lb block, new 7.5 Honda, solar panel, backporch, jib, Has single and double handed Bahamas. Price reduced. **LEE MARTIN**, 11490 Deer Creek Dr., College Station, TX 77845, (409) 776-8380. (24)

WANTED. Spinnaker pole about 9-1/2' long or longer, wood or aluminum. Even just the end fittings would help. **JOHN ROMMELFANGER**, 25 Hilltop Ave., Lexington, MA 02173. (24P)

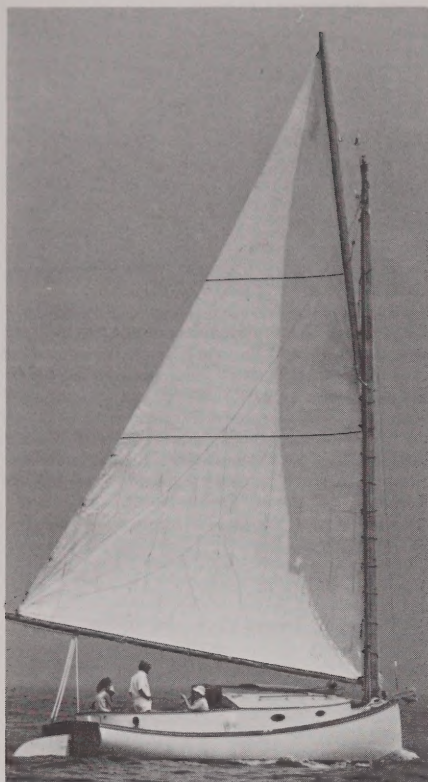
20' SHARK CATAMARAN, fully restored, 2 sets sails, w/trlr. 20knots plus potential, trade for 15' West Wight Potter. Shark worth approx \$3,000. **BILL WEYMOUTH**, RFD 1, Box 1265, Palermo, ME 04354, (207) 993-2829. (24)

12-1/2' CONCORDIA BEETLE CAT, \$1,200 or trade for rowing & sailing peapod or similar boat. **PAUL LUCHINI**, Poland Spring, ME, (207) 998-2694. (24)

STARCRAFT 14 aluminum boat, exc cond, set up for fishing, center console steering, 40hp Mariner motor w/extremely low hrs, galv trlr. Swap for West Wight Potter or sell for \$3,500 or BO. **BOB JONES**, Oakland, NJ, (201) 405-0399 eves, (201) 641-7200 days. (2)

BOOKS. Selling some nautical books from my personal collection. Send SASE for list. **JERRY BAKKE**, 1872 Walnut St., Muskegon, MI 49441. (24)

BOAT GEAR: 3 brass portholes 5" diam, \$30 ea. 2 brass winches \$40 ea. Whiskerpole lk new, opens to 16', \$95. **RICHARD DOWNES**, 170 River St., Weymouth, MA 02191, (617) 335-6677. (24)



"MAMIE", Fenwick Williams 25. Launched May, 1984. Constructed of finest materials: Mahogany over white oak, silicon fastenings throughout; Sitka spruce spars. Custom-made traditional bronze fittings, except Harken blocks for running rigging. Interior: Cedar ceiling & bulkheads w/mahogany moldings. Dual burner CNG Shipmate stove w/oven plus a cast iron cabin heater. Marble galley & outside fill, inside access icebox. Enclosed head & sink fwd w/much storage. Cabin has 2 settees of 6" custom-made foam cushions, covered in dark brown velvet w/dry storage under (above cedar ceiling). Both settees pull out offering 2 huge double berths. Fully found, incl VHF, Furuno Loran, Autohelm 7000. Powered by a quiet reliable 4 cyl FWC Graymarine Lugger equipped w/ 50A alternator, driving a Paul Luke 3 blade (15"x12") feathering propeller via a monel shaft, 48hp provides comfortable 6.5 knot cruising w/plenty of spare rpm. The engine room is equipped w/ automatic Halon fire extinguishers system, 2x volumetric rating. Two 100AH marine batteries and 2 lg CNG tanks complete the engine room, which is easily accessible through 2 lg cockpit hatches. Teak cockpit gratings. Yard maintained. Sisterships: "Shoveller" & "Simba". Exc cond, ready for rigid survey. LOA 25'0", LWL 24'5"; Beam 11'8"; Draft 2'8"/6'5"; Mast 42'0"; Gaff 53' above WL; Ext ballast 1,200 lbs. Price \$50,000 firm. J.A. JODICE, P.O. Box 616, Manchester-by-the-Sea, MA 01944, (508) 526-4075 (home), (617) 926-4900 xt 212 (work). (23)

17 PISCATAQUA WHERRY, blt 1976 at Strawberry Banke. Pine over oak, can be rowed single or double, fixed seat. Design well known for speed & seaworthiness. Nds paint. \$500. JON ABORN, Buzzards Bay, MA, (508) 759-9786. (23)

20' ST. LAWRENCE RIVER SKIFF, blt 1989 by Wm. Clements Boat Builder to modified lines from Mystic Seaport. Constr is glued lap plywood epoxy coated & finished bright. Has folding CB from Springfield Fan Centerboard Co., & is rigged as gunter ketch. Vy fast under sail or oars. Maintained in like-new cond. GARDNER BALDWIN, 1904 Nantucket, Houston, TX 77057, (713) 789-6319. (1)

17 FOLBOT, non-folding type, gd cond except 6" gash in deck fabric. Asking \$200. ROSH MINCHER, 1981 Glencrest Ln., Annapolis, MD 21401, (410) 266-8015. (23)



13' CATSPA W DINGHY, sailing, rowing. Modified Herreshoff design, cypress on oak, African mahogany trim & seats. Just completed, ready to sail, spritsail rig. FREDERICK DESMOND, Beverly, MA, (508) 922-7907 6-9pm. (23)

14' BLUE JAY, registered Sparkman & Stevens design. Never been launched. Main, jib, spinnaker, aluminum spars. Ready to launch. FREDERICK DESMOND, Beverly, MA, (508) 922-7907 6-9pm. (23)

13-1/2' WHITEHALL, Sitka spruce planking on white oak frames. Compl w/CB trunk. Never been launched. FREDERICK DESMOND, Beverly, MA, (508) 922-7907 6-9pm. (23)

WAYFARER #4100, FG. Main, jib, spinnaker. On trlr. Great boat. Will consider trade for something interesting. MICHAEL TIMM, Poughkeepsie, NY, (914) 462-5444. (23)



BOLGER LIGHT SCHOONER, 1990 in perf shape, ready to sail. Incl beautiful custom Trailex alum trlr. This boat snaps heads around wherever she goes. Call or write for details and photos. \$5,000 or consider trade +/- cash for trailerable tabloid cruiser like Bolger Micro, Black Skimmer, or cuddly version of Garden Eel. CHARLES ANDREWS, P.O. Box 3135, Kent, OH 44240, (216) 678-3010. (22)

DOVEKIE #105, blt 1984. Standard boat w/forest green hull & trlr. This version incl bow CB, lg FG leeboards, canvas & FG hatch covers, enlarged sail, cockpit seat. Additional equipment incl the E&D motor mount & 1990 4hp Evinrude w/3gal portable tank, portable toilet, back porch & bimini, 2nd dodger & sprit cover in exc cond. Also incl trlr bearing buddies, trlr wheels & tires purchased 1992, mast/ mainsail cover & leeboard hubs modified by E&D. \$7,250. JOHN PARSONS, Olney, MD, (301) 774-5074. (23)

COM PAC 16', lots of extras & exceptionally clean. \$3,500. Several other sailboat trades coming soon. FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (508) 465-0312. (23)

14' CABIN SHARPIE, full batten mainsail, roller reef jib, tabernacle mast, all standing rigging, most running rigging. \$1,500. Trlr \$250 or BRO. STAN DZIEJMA, S. Walpole, MA, (508) 668-3879. (23)

SEA NYMPH 14', 25 Evinrude, trlr, oars. 1992 outfit used vy little. \$3,000. FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (508) 465-0312. (23)

BLACKHAWK NIGHTHAWK I, 13'x27", 36lbs. freestyle/daytripper solo canoe. Pea green w/ash rails, canted cane seat & contoured knee pads. Designed by Bob Brown. \$540. JOHN BARTOS, Houston, TX, (713) 957-3809. (23)

SAN FRANCISCO GREAT PLICAN, glassed hull, epoxy ply deck, cockpit coamings, seats & cabin. Tabernacle mast, solid boom, hollow gaff, some rigging, new sails. \$1,750. Trlr \$500 or BRO. STAN DZIEJMA, S. Walpole, MA, (508) 668-3879. (23)

14' PEAPOD, decked w/lg oval cockpit. Mast, boom, gaff, rudder. A gd solid boat, strip hull epoxy glassed inside & out. \$750. Trlr \$200 or BRO. STAN DZIEJMA, S. Walpole, MA, (508) 668-3879. (23)

EVINRUDE 9.9 OB, 1981 Sail model, longshaft, hi-thrust, electric start. \$495. JOHN CHICOINE, St. Albans, VT, (802) 524-6122. (23)

SAIL WANTED, in nd of sprit sail for 8'pram. Spar dimensions require leech to be in 5' range & foot to be around 6'. DAVID WATSON, Cambridge, MA, (617) 547-2980. (23)

14' CATAMARAN, wood hulls & deck, vy gd shape. Rotating mast, new main, club footed jib. Fast, fun. \$250 or BO. Delivery may be arranged. CHARLIE VON HAGEL, Bel Air, MD, (410) 838-9261. (23)

SUMMER RENTAL, beautiful Rockport, MA village location, 3 rm apt, shrt walk to beaches & boating. Garage space for boats, bikes, canoes, etc. DAVID MC KIE, Rockport, MA, (508) 546-7701. (23)



28' L.F. HERRESHOFF "ROZINANTE" KETCH, FG hull, mahogany house, new Awlgrip, self-bailing cockpit. Cruising layout below. 8hp Vire IB on centerline. Exc cond throughout. \$7,000. FULL SEA, Greenport, NY, (516) 734-7409. (24)

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MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS? Do it in top quality, 100% cotton, silkscreened T-shirts featuring original drawing and famous quotation from "The Wind in the Willows". Short sleeve \$16.50; light blue or tan, S,M,L,XL. Long sleeve \$21.00; light blue, M,L,XL. THE DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, P.O. Box 3394, Silver Spring, MD 20918.

DROP-IN SLIDING SEAT ROWING RIG for canoes, shells, traditional pulling boats. This is prototype from which we have been selling plans since 1984. Nds only wheels, track & oarlocks, all available from rowing suppliers. \$125. W/9'9" lghtwt wooden sculling oars, \$250. Pickup in northern Michigan, water wonderland.
OWEN CECIL, Box 634, Oscoda, MI 48750. (24)

16' GREAT PELICAN PROJECT, hull almost compl, spars glued & sanded. New sails w/roller furling jib. CB, rudder, all wood need to finish. Occume ply/epoxy. \$2,000 OBO.
RALPH MERRIMAN, Seattle, WA, (206) 776-0661 eves, (206) 545-5076 days. (24)

MESS AROUND WITH BOATS (ours or yours) directly on Cape Cod Bay summer 1993. Charming beach house, slps 5, recently renovated, private beach. \$1,900 2 wks, \$3,600/month.
CAPT. KENHASSETT, Box 451, Dennis, MA 02638, (508) 385-2539. (24)

WANTED Gloucester Type VI light dory, new or used in New England area.
STEVE MASCIOLI, 4204 Alden Dr., Edina, MN 55416, (612) 930-6440 days, (612) 920-7648 eves. (24)

WANTED. Piantedosi sliding seat rowing unit w/or wo/oars.
STEVE MASCIOLI, 4204 Alden Dr., Edina, MN 55416, (612) 930-6440 days, (612) 920-7648 eves. (24)

22' FRIENDSHIP SLOOP, wood, vy gd cond, diesel, nice overnigher/weekender. Sailaway \$9,000.
HOLT VIBBER, 5 Soljer Dr., Waterford, CT 06385. (24)

CAPRI 14.2, immaculate cond, 3 sails, 2hp ob, galv trlr, Harken hrdwre, clinometer, extras, sailed only in fresh water. Will consider delivery within 100 miles. \$2,950 or BO.
RON MAGEN, 433 Maple Ave., North Hills, PA 19038, (215) 885-5629. (24)

14' ADIRONDACK GUIDEBOAT, FG, wood trim. Customized by Indian Point Guideboat Co. \$500.
JAMES WHITESIDE, Danbury, CT, (203) 792-5227. (24)

WANTED. Used Boat trlr, single axle suitable to carry a Herreshoff 12-1/2 sailboat 16' long & 1,600 lbs.
BILL FECYCH, Winchester, MA, (617) 729-8172. (24)

ALDEN OCEAN SHELL sliding seat rowing boat compl w/Oarmaster & 9'9" oars, or will sell separately.
MARTIN EZRA, Lansdowne, PA, (215) 622-1600. (24)

KLEPPER SEA KAYAK w/sail rig, never used, like new cond.
MARTIN EZRA, Lansdowne, PA, (215) 622-1600. (24)

10'11"x29" KAYAK, wood/epoxy, varnished, gd for fishing or streams. Blt 1992, asking \$400.
RICHARD NILSON, Mt. Holly, NJ, (609) 261-5973 eves. (24)

TWO RESTORED WOODEN CATBOATS. 18' Fenwick Williams w/Atomic 4 engine. 14' daysailer, many extras incl long shaft ob.
CHARLIE SECOR, New London, CT, (203) 443-3686. (24)

NIMBLE 20 dble ended yawl, 4-stroke ob in well. Green, foam core hull, tanbark sails, trlr, cover, many options, cruise ready. Have to sell, any reasonable offer.
DOUG BACON, Woodstock, CT, (203) 974-3505. (24)

KLEPPER SAILING RIG, in original bags. Incl sail, leeboards, rudder, pedals, all original parts. Unused. Rare opportunity for Klepper kayaker. \$275 or BO.
G. ROSEN, Newton, MA, (617) 527-7293. (24)

SUMMER RENTAL. House on Maine island nr Acadia National Park. 3 br, bath, kitchen. View of hbr, hiking trails on property & at other places on island. Fresh water swimming in nearby quarry, launching sites for small boats, sandy beach. \$475/wk, Sat-Sat. Access to island by ferry 6 times daily.
IVER LOFVING, Box 366, Swans Island, ME 04685, (207) 526-4121. (TF)

21' SEA PEARL CB model, ballast tanks, new 2hp Yamaha OB, galv trlr, custom sail & boat covers. Perf cond, located in FL.
DONALD MAHARAM, Sands Point, NY, (516) 582-3434. (TF)

NORTHERN WHITE CEDAR, 4/4 rough. Select grade \$1.30/BF, #2 grade \$.95/BF. Assorted Douglas fir & mahogany marine plywood. Sitka spruce, 2x6 rough, \$6/BF.
NATE CAREY, Grantham, NH, (603) 643-3658 days, (603) 863-2915 eraly eves & wknds. (24)

13' CANADIAN MOLDED PLYWOOD OB, ca 1954. Underdeck decal reads: "Paceships Molded Boats, the Finest Afloat. Made in Canada by Industial Ship-ping Co. Ltd., Mahone Bay NS." Exc orig cond w/ wheel & remote controls for "green" Johnson. Boat only, no motor or trlr. \$375.
BOB OCHENAS, 204 W. Dudley St., Maumee, OH 43537, (419) 893-6912. (24)

SLIDING SEAT ROWING RIG converts canoe, kayak or rowboat to effient powerful stroke. Exc aerobic exercise. Blt to last, tubular stainless steel constr.
MARTIN EZRA, Lansdowne, PA, (215) 622-1600. (24)

RL24' SAILBOAT, 1974, swing keel draw 11", FG, roomy cuddy cabin, black anodized spars, sloop rig, all lines lead to cockpit, sails, trailerable. An unusual worthwhile boat designed by Robert Legg NA. Must sell, \$3,500 or BO.
MARTIN EZRA, Lansdowne, PA, (215) 622-1600. (24)

WANTED. 20-25 sq ft jib, used, for use to balance reefed main in stronger winds on O'Day Javelin.
MARTIN COOPERMAN, 2613 Princeton Rd., Cleveland Heights, OH 44118, (216) 321-3711 home, (216) 687-2187 work. (24)

1988 PEEP HEN 14', blue w/tanbark sail, sail cover, Bimini, camper enclosure, galv trlr (tilt), 2-1/2hp Evinrude, exc cond. \$5,400.
DARREL ROBLA, Carthage, NY, (315) 493-4554. (24)

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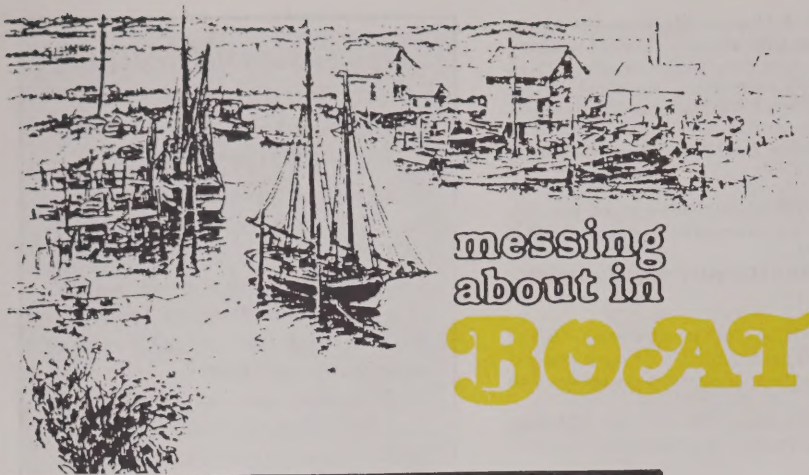
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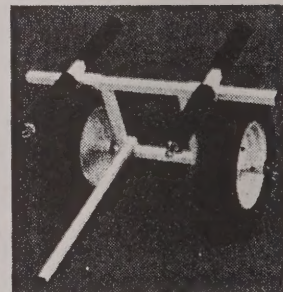
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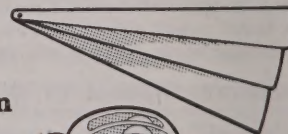


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